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December 10, 1920, Temperature 60.

Barometar 30.03

Rainfall 0.60 inch.

Humidity 71.

December 10, 1919, Temperature 62.

No. 18,131.

六拜禮

號一十月二十年十二百九千一英

HONGKONG.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1920.

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## THE DOLLAR.

To-day's closing rate 3/ 3/16  
To-day's opening rate 3/ 3/16

## EARLIER TELEGRAMS.

(Reuter's Service to the China Mail.)

## FALL IN PRICES.

WASHINGTON, December 9th.  
Senator Hitchcock has introduced in Congress a bill appropriating an immediate loan of \$50,000,000 to aid farmers distressed by the fall in the price of produce.

## THE FIUME EPISODE.

MILAN, December 9th.  
It appears that the crew of the two torpedo-boats who deserted to Signor d'Annunzio surprised and imprisoned their officers while the latter were dining off Ubers, and took the vessels to Fiume where the officers were landed and taken before Signor d'Annunzio.

## LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

GENEVA, December 9th.  
The Assembly of the League of Nations has adopted the Chilean resolution for the establishment of a permanent Committee on Transit with a membership not exceeding one-third of the League of Nations and is invited to the conference of the Committee which will meet at Barcelona.

GENEVA, December 9th.  
A heated debate took place in the Assembly yesterday, the Canadian representative, Mr. Howell, and the Australian representative, Mr. Miller, objecting to the permanent character of the technical organisations on hygiene and transport recommended by the Committee, whose report, Mr. Hanotaux presented, on the ground that they were developing a fashion which will prevent the Assembly from controlling expenditure, thus, ultimately, leading to the direction of affairs in European countries. The matter was adjourned till today, when the suggestion of Lord Robert Cecil was adopted that the organisations be given one year's trial.

PARIS, December 9th.  
Senor Puyredon, the Argentine delegate, interviewed, denied the withdrawal of Argentina was a pro-German act. He considered that the League was building on sand, if it worked on its present lines. He was of the opinion that it was a question not so much of admitting Germany into the League as of forcing her to enter. Only thus could Germany's policy be effectively controlled.

GENEVA, December 9th.  
The Technical Organisation Committee of the Assembly of the League has adopted the proposal of the Chinese delegation that three seats be reserved to Europe and the United States, and one to Asia and the other Continent.

WASHINGTON, December 9th.  
President Wilson has declined the invitation to send delegates to participate in disarmament discussions, informing the Council that, as the United States is not a member of the League, he is not justified in appointing a Commission. President Wilson added, however, that the United States sympathises with any plan of world disarmament.

## TAXATION IN UNITED STATES.

WASHINGTON, December 9th.  
The annual report to Congress of the Secretary of the Treasury urges immediate revision of the nation's tax laws on the basis of an annual levy of \$4,000,000,000 for four years, and that the tax on income should include increased income, increased tax on corporation profits and on a number of commodities, including petrol, tobacco, jewellery and motion pictures. The report emphasises the necessity of rigid economy in Government expenditure, and states that, between April 9th, 1917, and November 15th, 1920, the United States advanced \$9,581,000,000 to foreign Governments, and recommends that the obligations of the foreign Governments be allowed to mature until 1947, and that these Governments should be given every advantage to prepare for payment by whatever arrangement they deem best.

## M.C.C. TOUR.

TOOWOOMBA, December 8th.  
The Marylebone Cricket Club defeated Toowoomba by an innings and 119 runs.

## SIR ERNEST BIRCH.

LONDON, December 9th.  
Sir Ernest Birch, Colonial Secretary of the Straits Settlements, leaves Portsmouth today in H.M.S. Malaya for Malacca, India and the Malay Peninsula. His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught joins the ship at Malacca on December 18th, for India. Sir Ernest Birch will return to England in March in the Malaya.

## HONGKONG "SLAVE-GIRL."

LONDON, December 9th.  
In the House of Commons, replying to Mr. Walter Smith, Colonel Amery stated that the report of the Governor of Hongkong in regard to the question of slavery had been received. It was not in a form in which it could conveniently be published, but he would be glad to let the question see it, if he desired.

Peking Scots dined together at the Wagon Lits Hotel, in celebration of St. Andrew's Day. After a very pleasant meal, during which the haggis was featured, and after the toast had been honoured, it was decided that a Peking St. Andrew's Society be formed. The following officers were elected—President, Colonel C. D. Gray; Vice-President, Dr. J. G. Cornsack; Secretary, Mr. A. Ramsay; Treasurer, Mr. W. Park; Committee, Captain MacKinnon and Messrs. Lockhart and Hogg.

## SPORT.

### LEAGUE FOOTBALL.

#### TODAY'S MATCHES.

The following are the first and second division matches of the Hongkong Football League fixed for to-day—

#### DIVISION I.

H.M.S. "Carlisle" v. H.M.S. "Ambrose," Navy "A" ground, 4 p.m. Referee, Mr. Hollands.  
Kowloon v. Hongkong Club, St. Joseph's ground, 4 p.m. Referee, Mr. Jones.  
R.G.A. v. South China Athletic, Sookumpoo ground, 4 p.m. Referee, Mr. Wells.  
H.M.S. "Tamar" v. Hongkong Police, Navy "B" ground, 4 p.m. Referee, Mr. Cheselley.

#### DIVISION II.

United v. Indian Recreation Club, Navy "B" ground, 2.30 p.m. Referee, Mr. R. M. Omar.  
Club de Recreo v. 22nd Punjab S.C.A. ground, 2.30 p.m. Referee, Mr. Pearce.  
Staff and Depts. v. Oilers United, Sookumpoo ground, 2.30 p.m. Referee, Mr. Wells.  
H.M.S. "Carlisle" Res. v. H.K. Club Res., Navy "A" ground, 2.30 p.m. Referee, Mr. Sambells.  
Kowloon Res. v. R.G.A. Res., St. Joseph's ground, 2.30 p.m. Referee, Mr. Sayer.

S.C.A. Res. v. St. Joseph's S.C.A. ground, 4 p.m. Referee, Mr. Drayton.  
The Club will play away from home on St. Joseph's ground against Kowloon, and a fast and even game is anticipated. Kowloon have settled down considerably since the beginning of the league, and with Crocker in form between the "sticks," should give away very few chances. The Club are making some changes in their forward line which should prove an advantage. McTavish's inclusion in the team is very welcome.

The fight between the Navy teams on the Navy A ground should be well worth watching. "Ambrose" is expected to win.  
"Tamar" will be at home to the police on the Navy B ground, and with the Police improving considerably in form, a hard battle is assured. The Navy team, forced recently to reorganise their ranks owing to some of their players going home, have not yet settled down. With a sound defence and dangerous forwards, the Police may win if the sailors do not watch them closely.

The Artillery are meeting the South China Athletics at Sookumpoo. As the Chinese always play first class football this match should attract a large gathering of spectators. Although the Chinese are a well balanced team and very tricky, if the gunners play as steadily as they have been doing, they should just manage to win.

St. Joseph's should have no difficulty in maintaining their position at the top of the second division by easily defeating South China's second string. The Collegians are a much heavier set who play sound first division football, and are too well conversant with the Chinese style of play to be tricked.

The second string of the Club and the "Carlisle" meet on the Navy "A" ground, and a fast and closely contested match should result in a win for the sailors, who are a better balanced combination.

The result of the other matches should cause no doubt. The Oilers, United, and Club de Recreo will have no excuse for not winning their matches, while the R.G.A. Res. are expected to draw with the Kowloon Res.

#### H.K.F.C. v. KOWLOON.

The following will represent the Club against Kowloon on the Navy "A" ground to-day, kick-off 4 p.m. sharp—G. Rodger, W. Gerrard, F. Lawrence, M. L. Ralton, J. Rodger, J. W. R. McPhail, J. B. Hamilton or L. Goldenberg, H. McTavish, M. Sandberg, E. Moore, E. Ris.

#### H.K.F.C. v. "CARLISLE."

The following will represent the Club 2nd XI against the Carlisle on the Navy "A" ground to-day, kick-off 2.30 p.m. sharp—G. Grob, M. Tonkin, J. Henderson, A. McDonald, W. Ireland, S. F. Sorrensen, L. Jack, E. Ralton, A. Boyesen, J. Begg, N. Oher.

#### LADIES' HOCKEY.

Mrs. John Johnstone, President of the Hongkong Ladies' Hockey Club, has offered a Cup to be competed for by the Club, and the Victoria Ladies' Hockey Club. The team winning two out of three matches is to receive the Cup. The dates fixed for the matches are the 15, 22 and 29 January, 1921.

## FOOTBALL FAULTS.

Players not less than their critics have a very clear idea of the qualities which constitute perfect football. They know, for example, that it is better to shoot straight than to kick wide, better to trap a pass than to miss a pass, better to be cool and accurate when pressed by half a dozen opponents than to be hurried and hurried.

In brief, they understand exactly the things that they ought to do. The difficulty is to do them.

It is not for want of trying that forwards fail to reach the level of G. O. Smith. The ideal after which they strive eludes them because of certain physical shortcomings or because of certain limitations of head and heart.

But although there is a fixed line which genius alone can pass, there are many faults in present-day football that should not be regarded as inevitable. Chiefly they are collective team faults as distinct from individual faults.

Several teams stand low in the League tables for reasons that are by no means obvious. Considered man for man, they are strong elevens. Every player has a big reputation, and there has been nothing to suggest that individually they are playing below the form that has made them famous—that may even have brought them international caps. Yet when placed together on the field they are ineffective. The imposing names are there, but not the goals and the victories.

"Lack of combination" is the ready-made explanation for the collective failure of a set of brilliant individuals; but as a rule "lack of system" would be a more correct explanation.

Most of the teams who persistently fail for reasons obscure to the casual observer are weak because they are like a political party without a settled policy.

It is common to see three separate and distinct methods of football employed by the different units of one side. The Scotch game, the English game, the Welsh game, and perhaps a game that comes into no particular category are found together in one eleven. And, like oil and vinegar, it is impossible for them to mix.

Many clubs have proved that it is possible to rise superior to the cosmopolitan character of their constitution. They have their fixed system of play and their unchanging traditions.

For many years people spoke of the Corinthian style, and the term had a very definite meaning. The team changed in personnel; one generation succeeded another; but the style remained.

And to-day people flock to see Aston Villa knowing that a particular character of play will be presented to them—a character of play familiar and successful for many decades. New players have been acquired and they have speedily been moulded to the Villa method.

Tottenham Hotspur are another side whose football has become distinctly their own. A certain policy was definitely set and newcomers carry it on.

In sharp and doleful contrast stand such a team as Chelsea, who never seem settled, whose whole character may be changed by the change of two or three players.

What is the remedy? Probably a broader and more intellectual system of training.  
Training as it is conceived by most League clubs to-day means only the training of the body. It aims only to harden, to increase speed, to improve staying power. Only when tactics are taught, a plan of campaign mapped out by a guiding brain, the "head" side of football developed as well as the leg side, shall we cease to see eleven units individually excellent prove collectively impotent.

## CRICKET.

#### K.C.C. v. R.G.A.

The following will play for the K.C.C. in the above League match at Kowloon—D. M. Goodall, A. O. Brown, B. D. Evans, E. L. Braga, J. Stalker, R. Pestonji, C. J. Stapleton, H. W. Haskett, H. Overy and R. Southerton.

#### C.R.C. 2nd v. KOWLOON 2nd.

The following will represent C.R.C. 2nd XI against Kowloon 2nd XI on the former's ground at 2 p.m. sharp—Yew Man Hon (Captain), Wan Yu Shing, Wong Po Keung, Lai Keun, Chan Ting Sung, Chan Hin Lee, Wong Sik Chung, Cheung Wing Kiu, Woo Pak Fook, Cheng I-kam, Chan Wing Cheung.

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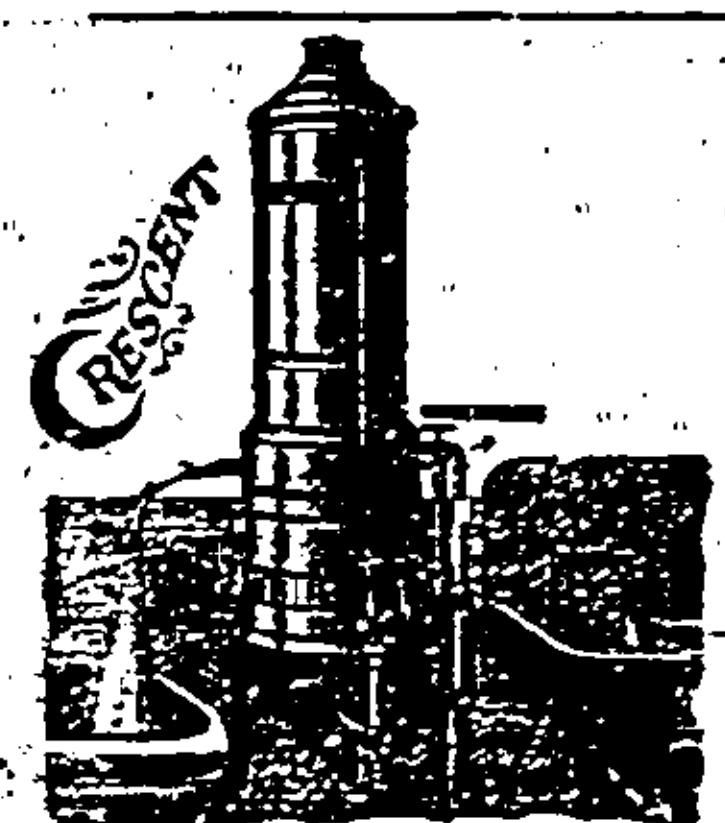
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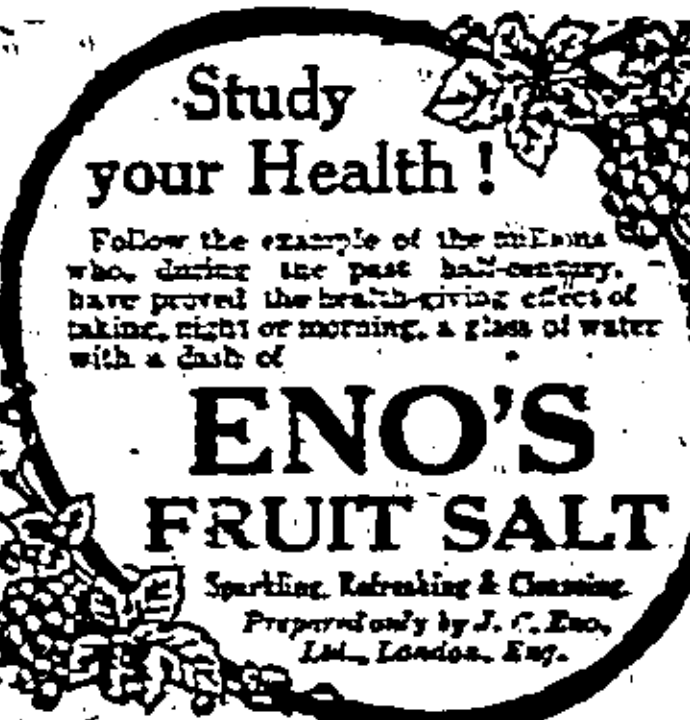
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host of an unshattered legend of  
Mons. To the new recruits any old  
Regular sergeant was more—if the  
world can hold more—than a county  
cricketer is to a small boy at school.  
He had the talisman; he was a vessel  
full of the grace by which everything  
was to be saved; like a king, he could  
"touch" for everyone's  
malady of unsoldierliness. How  
could he err, now that the fate of a  
world hung upon him?  
There was something in that. No  
doubt there always is, in illusions.  
They are not delusions. The pick of  
the old N.C.O.'s of the Regular Army  
were packed as tight as bits of radium  
with virtues and powers. A man of  
fifty-five who came back to the army  
from spending ten years in a farcical  
uniform, whistling for taxis outside  
a bash music-hall, would teach every  
rank in a battalion its duties for  
4s. 8d. a day, coaching the dug-out  
colonel in the new infantry drill  
the field officers in court-martial  
procedure, the chaplain in details of  
drum-head worship, the medical  
officer in the order of sick parades,  
the subalterns and N.C.O.'s in camp  
economy, field hygiene, and what  
not, and always holding the attention  
of a man or a mess or a battalion  
fixed fast by the magic of his own  
oaken character, his simple, vivid  
mind, his passion for getting things  
right, and his humorous and  
patient knowledge of mankind. Even  
such minor masterpieces as average  
Guards ex-sergeant-majors were  
rather god-like on parade. In drill  
at any rate, they had the circum-  
stantial vision and communicable fire  
of the prophets. Early in 1915 a  
little famished London cab tout,  
recruit, still rectilinear as a starved  
cat, even after a month of army  
rations, was to be heard praying  
softly at night in his cot that he  
might be made like unto one of  
these, whom he named.Where did the first shiver of dis-  
illusion begin? Perhaps with some  
trivial incident. Say, a company,  
quartered in a great town, was sent  
out for a long afternoon's marching.  
Only through long, steady grinds like  
the finer rhythm of marching, like  
that of rowing, be generated at last.  
The men, youthfully eager to kiss all  
possible rods and endure any obtain-  
able hardness, march forth in a high  
state of delight—they are going to  
learn how to march to Berlin. No  
officer being present, a sergeant-  
major is in command. For twenty  
minutes he leads his 250 adepts  
into the thick of a populous  
quarter. Then he orders them to  
fall out. A public-house, resembling  
Buckingham Palace, but smaller,  
is near. Most of the men, in their  
ardour, stand about on the kerb,  
ready to leap back to their places as  
soon as the whistle shall sound. A  
few thirsty souls jostle hurriedly into  
the bars, where they find that arrange-  
ments for serving a multitude are  
surprisingly complete. Soon they are  
further reassured by decrying the  
sergeant-major's handsome form,  
like Tam o' Shanter's, "planted unco  
right" in a chair in an inner holy of  
holies, along with the landlord. This  
esoteric session has an air of per-  
manence; the sergeant-major is  
evidently *au mieux* with the man-  
agement. The thirsty souls settle  
down to their beer.  
Five minutes, twenty, half an hour  
pass; fairly fast for them, less fast for  
the tenebrous warriors pawing the  
kerbstone without. At the end of anhour 50 per cent. of the kerbstone  
zealots have been successfully frozen  
into the bars. The rest stare at each  
other with a wild surprise. Rumour  
shakes her wings and begins to fly  
round. The sergeant-major, she says,  
is holding a species of court in the  
depths of the pub; some privates  
with money upon them, children of  
this world, are pressing in, she says,  
even now, into that heart of the rose  
and with a few manly words are  
standing the great man the extremely  
expensive combination of nectars  
that he prefers. "Were it not better  
done as others use?"—the Spartan re-  
siduum on the kerb is diminishing.  
Another hour goes; only an incon-  
siderable remnant of Spartans is left;  
these are exchanging profane re-  
marks about patriotism and other  
virtues. One of them quotes a  
famous Conservative statesman  
whose footman he was before he  
enlisted—"I believe we shall win, in  
spite of the old Regular Army." When  
just enough time is left to  
march back to quarters, the whistle  
is blown, the men slouch into their  
places and slump unhygienically  
home, revolving many things, accord-  
ing to their several natures. A  
child who has rashly taken its parent  
on trust, and yet more rashly taken  
the parent's all-round perfection as  
some sort of sample and proof of a  
credible government of the world,  
must have a good deal of  
mental rearrangement to do, the  
first time the parent comes  
home full of liquor and sells the  
furniture to get some more.  
Perhaps, in another company or  
another battalion, some man of  
relative wealth has felt, in the  
strength of his youth and the heat  
of his zeal, that he wants more to do.  
He looks to get on with the job. So  
he guilelessly goes to his own ser-  
geant-major and asks him if there is  
a chance of getting some lessons in  
barrack fighting anywhere in the  
town. The sergeant-major sizes him  
up with a stare. "You're a fine  
likely man," he says "for a stripe."  
He stares harder. "Or three," he  
subjoins.The gilded youth is confounded.  
He an N.C.O.! He would as soon  
have thought of being a Prime-  
minister. "I'll give you," the Old Army  
dames, "the lessons myself. I'll be  
twelve guinea for the lot." The em-  
phasis on the last three words is  
beyond the resources of typography.  
The gilded youth may feel a slight  
pricking in his thumbs. Still, there  
is no overt crook in the deal. The  
teaching is sure to be good. And  
he has the cash, and an instant  
sense of value. So he agrees.  
The senior man-at-arms expresses  
a preference for ready money.  
Agreed, too. After one lesson  
the tutor is frankly bored by his  
tutorial function. "Hang it," he says,  
"what's the sense of you and me  
sweating our 'ol' guts out? You've  
paid, and you'll find I won't blink you."  
Youth is mystified; feels it is getting  
somewhat short weight. But what  
are acolytes against high priests?  
Youth leaves it at that. In two or  
three weeks the frustrated pupil is  
sent for by his frustrator. A man is  
wanted for Post Corporal, or even for  
Battalion Provost Sergeant. What  
would the gilded youth say to the job?  
On his saying nothing at first, the  
sergeant-major, with swiftly rising  
contempt for such friarly hesitancy,  
recites the beauties of this piece of  
preferment. "Coshier 'job' in  
the 'ole' outfit! Long as  
you're 'sober' enough to stand  
up at the Staff Parade for a night,  
that's all there is to it. Where'd the  
kerbstone without. At the end of an

Study  
your Health!



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who, during the past half-century,  
have proved the health-giving effect of  
taking, night or morning, a glass of water  
with a dash of Eno's Fruit Salt.

The youth retires, feeling that he  
has somehow strayed into a black  
list. He talks it over with a friend.  
The friend, he finds, has heard some-  
thing like it from somebody else.  
Rivald fibres are soon flying about.  
"Four pound a stripe!" "Stripes are  
ris' to-day!" "Corporals, there for  
a tender!" The story comes that a  
little "Scotch dropper," the worst drill  
in a section, has felt that in this new-  
ly-revealed world his professional  
credit for tacful effrontery is at  
stake; he has bet a fiver that he will  
offer the bare market price of a  
recommendation for "lance jack"  
and bring the thing off; the  
enterprise has prospered and the  
architect of his own fortunes is  
wearing the stripe, spending his  
pound balanced on the transaction,  
commanding his brethren, and enjoy-  
ing his new dispensation from fati-  
gues. The band of brothers begin  
to look at each other with some  
circumspection. They wonder. How  
far does the dirty work go? How  
may not try it on next? And did  
not somebody say he had seen the  
stuff pass between the contractor  
who emptied the zwilf-tubs and the  
sergeant cook who filled them with  
half-legs of mutton? What was  
that shorter creed to which the ser-  
geants' mess waiters said that the  
Regular sergeants always resorted in  
their cups—"Stick together, boys,"  
and "Anything can be wangled in  
the army"? And what about  
officers? That new company com-  
mander who started in as a captain,  
but never could give the simplest  
word of command on parade without  
his sergeant-major to give him the  
words like a parson doing a mar-  
riage? What about little Y. who  
suddenly got a commission when he  
was doing a fortnight's C.B. for com-  
ing to parade with a dirty neck?  
How much of the timber are rotten?  
Enough to bring down the "whole  
house"? Here, there, everywhere, the  
man's new suspicion peers about in  
the dark and the half-light. The brew  
that bewilders and rather terrifies  
British statesmen to-day has begun.  
From any English training-camp,  
about that time, you almost seemed  
to see a light steam rising, as it does  
from a damp horse. This was illu-  
sion, statesmen, to-day has begun.**NOTICES.****G. FALCONER & CO., LTD.**

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60, Des Vaux Road Central.

## DEATHS.

MARRETT.—On November 24, 1920, in London, after an operation, Winifred Harriett Barrett, wife of Captain E. I. M. Barrett.

RASMUSSEN.—On December 4, 1920, at Shanghai, Arthur Olaf, the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Rasmussen, 24 days old.

HARVEY.—On December 5, 1920, at Shanghai, Mary, the beloved wife of James Harvey, aged 37 years.

## The China Mail.

"TRUTH, JUSTICE, PUBLIC SERVICE"

HONGKONG, SATURDAY, DEC. 11, 1920.

## ADVERSARIA.

When the cap fits, tempers are lost. When true things are said, they annoy more than if they were untrue. It is reported to me that last week some of the hopelessly idiots who represent the mentality of this Colony decided, arrogantly, that "something must be done" about Adversaria. When reminded that my contribution contained nothing legally actionable, they talked of the necessity of "booting" me "out of the Colony." There is a well known story of a conference of rats, who solemnly decided that it would conduce to the safety of the rodent community if the cat were made to wear a bell. Then arose the problem of who was to "bell the cat." Just so. Who is going to start the "booting"? If that is the only kind of "argument" these gentlemen are capable of, it is they, and not I, who should

leave the Colony for the Colony's good.

GOOD INTENTIONS. No doubt I ought to credit them with good intentions. Perhaps they imagine they are doing their duty, even as I imagine I am trying to do mine. There is not the slightest doubt that the rabble at Jerusalem, nearly two thousand years ago, believed they were in the right when they yelled "Crucify him," and this local rabble may be as sincere in saying "Boot him." But I wish I could somehow manage to convey to them the contempt that I feel, and that all decent men must feel, for such rabble. It is indeed true that "they know not what they do."

BOXING. From "booting" (a caddish business) the transition is easy to the manly art of boxing. What is our Boxing Association doing? It seems to be doing nothing. Here we were all expecting a display this weekend, some of the men having actually been training for it, and there's no sign of an announcement yet. I am strongly tempted to call Mr. Wilden a big bluff, and if he thinks of "booting" me for it, I'll get my friend Sky to teach him manners. At the general meeting, you'll remember, Mr. Wilden talked big about the way subscriptions were coming in, and how he had "arranged" fights of all sorts. Was it just "hot air"? Or what is the matter? So far as I can see, the Ming Yuen premises are available. The fleet is here. Interest was never keener. Yet nothing seems afoot.

The Morning Post does not seem to think the loss of the public bathing beaches is a matter of much importance. It told us yesterday that "most people" go to the public bathing beaches. What a quaint idea of the size of our community that betrays. The fact

is that "most people" have no such chance. I explained before that I never have used these public bathing beaches, because I belong to the fortunate minority of the Morning Post refers to as "most people" and it was because I realized that "most people" would be injured by the loss of these facilities that I took the line I did. As I said a fortnight ago, I would have felt a dirty cad if I had not raised my voice on behalf of the "most people" who depended on these facilities.

The China Mail was singularly happy yesterday in AS MARIE likening the official attitude of the Colonial Secretary in this matter to that of Marie Antoinette, when she suggested that the poor people who had no bread should eat cake. We will never, not if he tries hard for the rest of his life, achieve an argument so striking as that with which he defined our extravagant motor roads as "bathing facilities."

I was rude to Mr. Holyoak last week, when I thought he had been guilty of an insincere speech, so it is a pleasure this week to praise him for the sensible way he argued for these public bathing facilities, and for the courageous way he voted with the public-spirited minority. If I can do anything to help him with his Constitutional Reform proposals, he may count on my influence; that this column may have been thrown into the scale on his side.

Shipping. We are all SHIPPING ways told, but our life's blood, and certainly no one would deny that Hongkong's harbour is its biggest asset. More wharves and godowns will always be looked upon with a favourable eye. It is easy to agree with what Mr. Parr said at the previous meeting of the Legislative Council, when he spoke of the increased scale of fees for the use of buoys, and pointed out that such increases must bear intimately upon the trade and continued prosperity of the Colony. The Colonial Secretary at that meeting gave him a sly dig when he referred to the increased cost of passages on the ships of the hon. member's own company, and in voting with him now on the bathing beach question, this unofficial member was charmingly forgiving. He put, as it were, coals of fire on the Colonial Secretary's head.

As regards the THE MEMBER voting of the FOR JARDINES, other unofficial member with the official majority, I think I will be more discreet to say nothing at all about it. As was asked in the Sermon on the Mount, "Do men gather figs of thistles?" I regard Mr. Pollock as the one honest democrat we have among our public men, a brave fighter in a cause that may not for ever be forgotten, and one who deserves all the public esteem we can show him. On behalf of our Cinderella proletariat I thank him.

We are driving a hundred-foot road direct from the City Hall to Shaikwan, announces our Colonial Secretary. How nice for our scorching motorists, who have all along complained of the way in which the Shaikwan tram compels them to slow up. Is Shaikwan to become a fashionable residential suburb for the motor car people? How nice that will be.

I can picture the mothers who have been taking their children to the North Point Beach in the hot weather, dragging them over the new hill road to Repulse Bay and home again. O happy band in a happy land, how grateful you should be for a thoughtful and considerate government.

Of course we should not compare Hongkong with seaside watering places at Home. Hongkong, as the Colonial Secretary said, is not a seaside bathing place. (It is less so now than ever, since this decision). But still less should it be compared with London and Liverpool, as the Colonial Secretary distinguously did. If comparisons are wanted, let me offer a more reasonable one. Hongkong is an island. So is Oahu, in the Hawaiian group. Victoria is a busy city. So is Honolulu. Honolulu has better wharves than we have, no more available coast line, and yet she reserves a bathing beach which is famous the world over. But what is the use? You couldn't convince an official who has made up the thing he calls his mind with any argument lighter than a four-point seven.

My King Charles' Education head, this, they will be saying, I only mention it now because of a curious apt remark made in a leader in the Singapore Free Press which

reads: "Curiously once led us, as the result of a long acquaintance with government here, to make out a list of the relative position of departmental votes in the minds of Council. The conclusion arrived at was that if at Budget time it was decided that estimates had to be reduced the first to be cut down was education, the second medical and the third police. The starving of the Educational Department for years was a standing disgrace and we are now reaping the fruits."

P. G. Hamerton says that "by far the greater part of what passes for human intercourse is not intercourse at all, but only acting, of which the highest object and most considerable merit is to conceal the weariness that accompanies its hollow observances."

J. B. Morton in the MIRROR—Express gives us CHEERIO, these tonic verses for the dull pose of hopelessness which threatens to overtake us when schemes gang agley and men seem contrary. He calls them "In praise of life." Leave now your little Calvaries, Tear up your ballads of love lost, You who sip sorrow at your ease Mark how the riven clouds are tossed. High over woods, and in some place Where blazing leaves give up their scent Praise youth that lingers for a space. For this the gift of song was meant.

Leave the dark garrets of the town, And that dull pose of hopelessness. Follow the wild bird on the down That you may find an hour to bless. Before the heavy days draw on. With tumult and an endless strife: Write, write before your youth be gone. One burning song in praise of life.

Are the customary school medical inspections of DOCTORS, school children being quietly dropped, or merely neglected? I ask because I learn that at one school there has not been a medical visitor for a year. If this job is worth doing at all, it should be done properly.

"G. D." whoever the poor thing is, has some awful doggerel in this morning's Daily Press. The point that our children later on may earn a living on the beaches where they have been accustomed to play, and that then they will admit the Government was right, is the argument of one unaccustomed to think.

But its views quite apart, the doggerel is artistically unpardonable. The perpetrator has absolutely no conception of rhythm, though he achieves a few simple rhymes. Just scan the last stanza: That though we made a mighty fuss And put up a great fight— 'Tis only fair to now admit 'The Government was right.' To read it aloud without getting the lockjaw you have to stress the article in the "second line, while the split infinitive in the third is so jarring that it amounts to language calculated to cause a breach of the peace. I hope the editor of the D.P. will not encourage this freak.

"Jambuck" in this morning's Post and Mr. F. B. L. Bowley in this morning's Press both have excellent letters on the Bathing Beach question—which, however, is no longer a question. Why, oh why, did such able champions not enter the arena before it was too late, when I was pleading for a strong expression of public opinion? Now it is too late, too late, and our Government has damned itself for ever.

## GERMAN DYES HERE.

## IMPORT REGULATIONS.

## MAGISTRATE ORDERS CONFISCATION.

Revenue Officer Ward this morning charged a Chinese before Magistrate Smith with unlawfully importing into the Colony, 10 packets of aniline dye of German manufacture.

Inspector Blackman, who had charge of the case, told the Magistrate that the Germans were attempting to recapture Oriental trade by flooding the market with all kinds of goods, at very low prices, and unless precautions were taken, British manufactured goods would be out of demand.

Remarking that no doubt with these cheap dyes on the market, we would be suffering from clothing dyed very cheaply, the Magistrate imposed a fine of \$50 and ordered the confiscation of the dye.

## SPECIAL CABLES.

## STRAITS RUBBER.

## EFFECTS OF THE SLUMP.

## ESTATES WHOLLY SUSPENDED TAPPING.

## [China Mail Special]

SINGAPORE, Dec. 10. A number of rubber estates announce that tapping has been wholly suspended in view of the present condition of the market.

## STRANDED STEAMER.

## WRECK ABANDONED.

## FATE OF THE "ALTENBURG."

## [China Mail Special]

SINGAPORE, Dec. 10. It is announced that the wreck of the "Altenburg," which was stranded on the Falloeden Shoal near Singapore, has been definitely abandoned. Hopes were formerly entertained of refloating the vessel which was sold to an Indian merchant for \$40,000.

## LOCAL AND GENERAL.

Spanish influenza has broken out in Peking, several cases being reported in the Legation Quarter.

The Honourable Mr. Charles McIlvaine Messer, having returned to the Colony, resumed duty as Colonial Treasurer and Assessor of Rates on the 6th December.

The Governor has recognised Mr. Edward Joseph Noronha, provisionally and pending the issue of His Majesty's Exequatur, as Consul for Guatemala in Hongkong.

The pupils of St. Stephen's Girls' School will give a concert at the Y.M.C.A. hall this afternoon for the benefit of the North China Famine Relief Fund. The entertainment starts at 5 p.m.

A Chinese woman was yesterday admitted to the Kwong Wah Hospital suffering from injuries to her head caused by a piece of metal which fell on her while she was at work in the Kowloon Docks.

In connection with the case of the theft of a ricksha reported yesterday, the man whom the defendant alleged had sold the vehicle to him has been arrested by the West Point police. He was this morning formally charged before Magistrate Orme and remanded until Wednesday next. Two other men are alleged to be implicated in the matter.

Since Mr. R. Chan Johnson left the service of the Canton-Samshui Railway, his place has been filled by Mr. Tseng Hui Chai, formerly a building foreman and contractor in the South Sea Islands. The office staff of the engineering department have refused to work under him and have already sent in their resignations to the Managing Director, as a protest against the alleged lack of qualification and technical training of the new chief.

Sergeant McFall, of No. 2 Police Station, this morning charged a Chinese before Magistrate Orme with the unlawful possession of three pigeons and two partridges which the defendant claimed he had bought for 70 cents. The Sergeant remarked that the birds were very cheap at that price and he was convinced that the defendant had trapped them. The Magistrate imposed a fine of \$5 or 14 days' hard labour.

Mr. H. G. Wells, speaking before the Petrograd Soviet recently, is reported to have said: "I am neither a Communist nor a Marxist. I and my friends seek the realisation of a realm of social justice through the entire world, but not by a road of catastrophe. We would rather urge the necessity of cultural preparation. In England and America we have other conditions than you and therefore other methods, but the final issue is the same." Mr. Wells, in conclusion, said: "In the West all forces are working for peace with Russia with the object of enabling the country to work peacefully. The English people will not relent until peace is effected."

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It is not unusual for motor cars belonging to military officers to be taken on to the railway station at Peking and to career along the platform at a rapid pace among the swarming crowd when the train arrives. When the American Minister returned to Peking from Shanghai recently a motor car containing two Chinese officers raced alongside a carriage in which another officer was coming to Peking, scattering the crowd, many of whom were required to perform remarkable feats to avoid being run over. A visitor to Peking who saw this incident said that he had seen military domination in many countries, but that he knew no other people who would tolerate such conduct.—P. & T. Times.

## TO-MORROW'S BAZAAR.

## SOCIETY OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.

## ANNUAL AL FRESCO FETE.

The 37th Annual Al Fresco Fete of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, which was postponed from the 5th December owing to the unsettled state of the weather, will take place to-morrow in the compound of the Cathedral, Cairne Road, and the play ground of the old St. Joseph's College under the distinguished patronage of His Excellency the Governor and Lady Stubbs, Vice-Admiral Sir A. L. Duff, K.C.B., Major-General F. Ventris, C.B., and Commodore W. Bowden-Smith, C.B.E.

The Bazaar Committee have been hard at work for some weeks, and to-morrow's fete promises to surpass even that of last year, which was itself a record. Among the numerous stalls and side-shows are the following:—Motor-car Draw, Motor-cycle Draw, Tea Room, Concert Hall, Tent, Souvenir Stall, Post-card Stall, Refreshment Room, Farm Yard and Store, Electric Shooting Gallery, Chute, Aunt Sally, Lucky Wheel, Lucky Dip, Straining the Bolshevik, Candles, Ball-in-Bucket, Quoits, and others. A large number of turkeys have been provided for the Farm Yard, which is sure to be well patronised in the hope of securing one of these indispensable birds for the Christmas menu.

The grounds will be open in the afternoon from 3 to 6.30 p.m., when amusements specially suitable for children will be provided, but the real fete will open at 8.30 p.m. when the grounds will be brilliantly illuminated. The bands of the 2nd Wiltshire Regiment and the Sociadade Philharmonica will play, one on each compound, and all the attractions of an old country fair are promised. The numerous stalls will be laden with thousands of toys for little ones, and valuable prizes for the "grown-ups." Among the prizes are a new five-seater Oakland motor-car, value \$3,000, and a new 7.9 H.P. Harley-Davidson motor-cycle.

The weather promises to be fine and the attendance to-morrow should be a record one.

Following is a list of the stalls and side-shows:

Tea Room.—Afternoon: Miss A. Franco and friends. Evening: Mrs. Jordan and friends.  
Concert.—Mr. A. J. Braga, Mr. R. E. Crocker, Mr. P. A. Rozario and friends.  
Bank.—Colonel F. J. Bowen, Mr. T. W. Doyle, Commander F. M. Hodgson, Major C. A. Law and Mr. J. M. S. Rosario.  
Ten-cent Stall.—Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Noronha and friends.  
Dollar Raffle.—Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Noronha and friends.  
American Lottery.—Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Osmund and friends.  
Postcard Lottery.—Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Osmund and friends.  
Souvenir Ticket.—Exchange.  
Messrs. F. B. P. Silva and J. J. Remedios.  
Souvenir Stall.—Mr. and Mrs. J. J. dos Remedios and friends.  
Refreshments.—Mr. T. M. Perpetuo, Mr. W. J. Wilkinson and friends.  
Chute.—Mr. and Mrs. Willis, Mr. Flannigan, Mr. Jeffers.  
Aunt Sally.—Mr. Goldrick and assistants.  
Shooting Gallery.—Mr. and Mrs. A. J. V. Ribeiro and friends.  
Lucky Wheel.—Mr. R. Spettigue.  
Miss Allen, Miss Wilkinson, Mr. Le Bosquet.  
Farm Yard and Store.—Messrs. Wilson, Fisher and Dillon.  
Electric Shooting Gallery.—Mr. McCarthy.  
Electric Dip.—Messrs. Cronin and Withers.  
Lucky Roulette.—Miss L. Loureiro, Miss M. Loureiro, Mrs. Summers, Mrs. J. M. da Rocha.  
Bran Tub.—Mrs. Neeson, Mrs. Innes, Miss Annie Dillon.  
Xmas Tree.—Mrs. Dillon, Miss Warren, Miss Dillon.  
Doll Raffles.—Misses L. and S. Ellis.  
Cake Raffles.—Mrs. Nicol, Miss Daphne Nicol.  
Candles.—Mr. A. J. Braga, Mr. P. H. Rozario, Mrs. W. J. Carroll, Mrs. F. Gonzales, Mrs. A. Grout, Miss A. Lopes, Misses Young and G. and C. Smith.  
Straffing the Bolshevik.—Mr. M. F. Baptista and friends.  
Quoits.—Mr. C. O. Baptista.  
Ball-in-bucket.—Mr. F. A. Baptista.

Motor-car and Dollar Raffle Draws.—Commander F. M. Hodgson, R.N., Capt. L. C. Bristow, R.G.A., and Messrs. Leo d'Almada e Castro, L. A. Barton, Choa Po Sien and Simon Tse-yan.

Grounds, etc.—Chev. J. M. Alves (President), W. G. Fitz Gibbon (Chairman, Bazaar Committee), Messrs. R. W. Brown, T. A. Carvalho, S. Danenberg, M. Fernandes, D. M. A. Kieran-Mackenzie, Li Yai Choi, Capt. H. S. McGrath, E. A. Remedios, J. A. V. Ribeiro, A. G. da Rocha.

In addition there will be a fine Christmas tree illuminated with dozens of tiny coloured electric globes, which will be sold by auction at a stand on the grounds by one of the local auctioneers.

## HONGKONG TRADE.

## EFFECT OF EXCHANGE DROP.

## CHAMBER OF COMMERCE REPORT.

Cotton Piece Goods and Fancy Cotton Goods.—The market is unchanged and there are no indications of a change in the near future. The heavy fall in exchange, apart from other influences, has put a complete stop to the sales of stocks. "The Manchester market is stagnant, and Lancashire mills are on 'half time.'"

Cotton Yarn.—There is no business to report. A sense of uneasiness in the South is holding back demand. Later the heavy drop in exchange compels importers to ask for higher prices. Quotations are: No. 10s, \$180/207; No. 12s, \$185/215; No. 16s, \$215/235; No. 20s, \$220/240. Arrivals, 8,000 bales. Sales, 200 bales. Shipments, nil. Unsold stock, 13,000 bales. Bargain, 13,000 bales.

Woolens.—A small sale of Cambrics was made during the week otherwise there is no change in the market. Raw Cottons.—Market has been devoid of business. Values are nominally as follows: Indian grades, \$30/32 per picul; Chinese grades, \$30/37 per picul.

Metals.—Business continues very quiet. Small sale of Tinplates are reported at about \$12.00. Steel Rods in small lots are reported at \$7.00 to \$7.50.

Petroleum Products.—No change. Flour Market Report.—Stock: About 200,000 sacks. Quotations: American Patent, \$4.80 per sack; American C of S, \$3.35 per sack; American Straight, \$3.20 per sack; and Shanghai Flour 2nd, \$3.15 per sack.

Sundries and Coals.—Market for this grade is dull. The Sterling price is 30/- per case c.i.f. for shipment in December/January. Market steady.

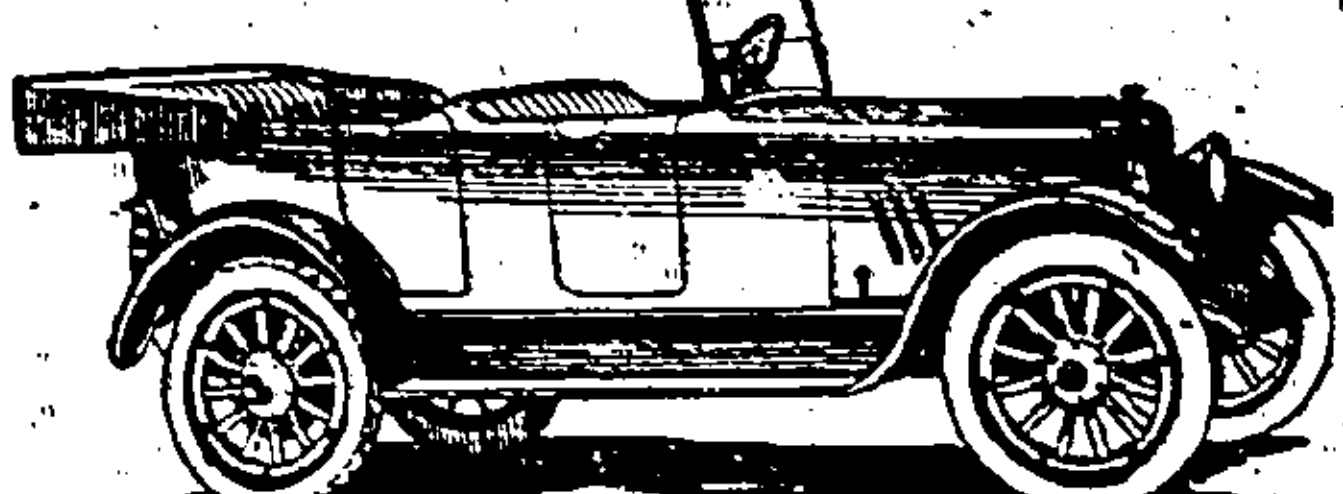
Many here and in other parts of Japan who remember Captain Fraser, for many years in command of the N.Y.K.S. "Hirano Maru," will be interested to learn that a monument has been erected to him in Bells Hill Churchyard, Barnet, Hertfordshire, says the *Kobe Herald*.

The monthly expenditure on relief to the poor and on the education of the children of the poor, now amounts to over \$1,000, to meet which large sum the Society depends entirely on the generosity of subscribers and the proceeds of the annual Bazaar. The poor under the Society's care have, almost without exception, lived their whole lives in the Colony and have for this reason a special claim on our sympathy. Each case is carefully investigated before assistance is given. Those receiving support are the aged poor and infirm who have none to whom they can look for assistance in their declining years, widows and their children, and families whose bread-winners are temporarily out of employment. The general increase in the cost of all necessities has considerably added to the burden of these poor people, and with the approach of the cold season, which, with its round of Christmas and New Year festivities, is for those more fortunately circumstanced one of pleasure and rejoicing, it is hoped that the miseries and hardships of these poor families will not be forgotten. The Committee feels confident that among the many worthy appeals to the generosity of this Colony, the distressing needs of our own deserving poor will not be overlooked.

The Bazaar Committee of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul have pleasure in acknowledging the following further donations and prizes for the Bazaar:—  
Dr. A. S. Gomes, K.S.C., \$100; Sir Robert Ho Tung, \$50; Mrs. C. H. Besto, \$20; Mr. and Mrs. C. Kluck, \$10; Wing On & Co., a parcel containing handkerchiefs, soap and toys; The British American Tobacco Co., a quantity of cigarettes; Mrs. Baure, a pair of silk cushion; Mrs. Xavier, needleworks and toys, etc.; Mr. H. W. Fraser, one wooden cigarette case; Mrs. E. M. V. Ribeiro, needleworks and blotters, etc.; Miss Violet Yee Yan, two silk bags; Rev. Father Spada, handkerchiefs, glass plates, toys and one silver penholder; Mr. A. McDougall, one butterfly frame; Mrs. E. Barton, one silver vial and sundry needleworks; Nestle & Anglo-Swiss Milk Co., two cases condensed milk; Canton Nanyang Bro. Tobacco Co., four packages cigarettes; Mrs. F. P. O'Sullivan, 4 dozen crocheted doilies; Miss M. Bond, a large assortment of toys and sundry articles; Mrs. G. F. dos Remedios, Roman, one bowl with blackwood stand, one fancy work-box and sundry articles; Mrs. E. L. do Rozario, three porcelain vases, 10 photo frames and sundry articles; China Sugar Refinery Co., 20 packets cube sugar; The Son Co., a quantity of porcelain and earthen wares; Mrs. P. H. Murray, a large assortment of sundry articles; Mrs. M. Akbar, one pair knitted shoes; Mrs. P. N. A. Silva, four cigarette lighters; Teikoku Sugar Refinery Co., one case sugar candy; Mrs. L. G. Ribeiro, a quantity of needleworks and sundry articles; Miss M. Santos, one baby's bonnet and one pair slippers; and The Sincere Co., a delivery order for toys.



**MERCURY MOTOR CAR CO.**  
59-61 Des Voeux Road Central, HONGKONG.



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**THEATRE ROYAL.**  
**WARWICK COMEDY CO.**  
"WHEN WE WERE TWENTY-ONE."

Given a delightful play affording full scope for their high histrionic abilities, the Warwick Comedy Company made an excellent impression in the Theatre Royal last night by their splendid presentation of "When we were Twenty-one," H. V. Esmond's charming comedy of youth, which least into immediate popularity at the London Criterion Theatre where it was first produced.

The play, a happy admixture of serious and humorous interest, centres around the infatuation of an impressionable young man carefully nurtured by his three upright guardians (intimate friends of his deceased father) for a notorious actress known as the "Firefly." Having attained his majority, young Richard Andaine (the "Imp") disregards the expressed hopes of his chief guardian (Dick Carewe) by breaking off his engagement with the housekeeper's charming daughter and secretly marrying the heartless actress. In the meantime the discovery of a letter addressed to "Dick" has given rise to the impression that it is Carewe who intends to marry the actress. Amusing incidents soon give place to sterner realities as a result of Carewe's unsuccessful efforts to induce the actress to relinquish her hold on the young man's affections. It is when Carewe and the housekeeper's daughter have found themselves in love with each other that the actress removes the last barrier to general happiness by leaving the disillusioned youngster for a former lover who can now offer her greater wealth.

Warm approbation was earned by the Company for its admirable presentation of this delightfully finished comedy. Mr. Thorpe-Mayne made a distinctive success of Richard Carewe, and Messrs. Frank Wheatley and Dudley Howarth were characteristic as the other two guardians. Mr. Tom Fenwick gave a very capable rendering of the role of the Imp. Miss Joan Mayne excelled herself in a charming portrayal of the roguish daughter, while Miss Lena Flowerdew made a charming elderly matron. A spirited impersonation of the vulgar actress was given by Miss Beatrix Wynn, and no little amusement was caused by Miss Muriel Aked as her acidulous dresser. The little done by Mr. Lionel Williams, as the returned lover, and Miss Marjory Clark, as a maid, was done well.

To-night there should be a large house to witness "Eliza Comes to Stay" an excellent comedy also from the Criterion Theatre.

The history of the sugar business in Japan is an interesting study in protected industry. The cane is grown in Formosa. The farmers, being only a sort of Chinamen, are compelled to grow it and the price is fixed for them. By means of a heavy import duty, foreign sugar can be kept out so that the Japanese product can be made to pay a profit, and the excess is sold in China under cost price. During and immediately after the war, the sugar companies paid enormous dividends. They could not help it. But now they have lost heart. They see before them the spectre of foreign competition. With all the advantages they enjoy in the supply of cane, their costs of production are too high for it to be possible for them to compete except in a protected market. So they propose that the Government buy them out by an issue of bonds for 1,450,000,000, and make a Sugar Monopoly. This means the relinquishment of any hope of an export trade, and the taxation of every child who eats a candy so as to keep in being an industry in which those interested have proved their incompetence, says the Japan Chronicle.

**ALWAYS HAPPY AND BRIGHT**  
is the man or woman who keeps healthy regular and liver active with the aid of

**PINKETTES**

These tiny laxatives act as gently as nature, dispelling constipation, liver, biliousness, sick headaches, dizziness. They purify the blood, clear the skin, aid digestion.

Of chemists everywhere, also at 90 cents the vital post free from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., 28 Stockton Road, Shanghai.

**HIGH-SPEED WIRELESS.**  
LATEST DEVELOPMENTS.  
TRANSCRIPTION FROM PHONOGRAPH RECORDS.

Developments in the rapid automatic transmission of Press messages by wireless telegraphy that are proof against eavesdroppers will be employed by the Marconi Company at a new station to be erected near Geneva to transmit to London the reports of the League of Nations assembly.

In a room adjoining the assembly hall the newspaper correspondents' reports will be punched by a machine in Morse code cipher on paper "tape," which will be fed into a transmitting instrument at the rate of 100 words a minute. Anyone "listening-in" to the telegraphing of these messages will hear a high-pitched, constant singing note that no operator, however expert, can transcribe.

A special station in Essex is being erected to receive the messages, which will be taken down first on a high-speed phonograph record and transcribed by operators from slow-speed phonographs.

**KINEMA NOTES.**

**HONGKONG THEATRE.**

A NEW ITALIAN PICTURE.

A beautiful Italian 6-part drama, "Galeo Stronger than Maciste" will be screened at the Hongkong Theatre from to-night until Tuesday night. During the 7.15 p.m. performances episodes 7, 8, and 9 of the serial "Fog O' the Ring" featuring Francis Ford, will be shown. Amusing comedies will also be screened.

A meeting of the Horticultural Society will be held in the City Hall at 5.15 p.m. on Tuesday, December 21, at which a paper on rose growing in Hongkong by Mr. R. A. Nicholson will be read and discussed. The public is invited to attend.

**MADAME FLINT** has arrived from Paris with a large assortment of Evening and Afternoon Gowns, Costumes, Capes, Millinery, Furs, etc.—which we are marking off and will be on show for the 15th of December.

Although the prices have considerably advanced in Paris for the latest Models, Madame Flint is charging the reasonable prices that she has always done.

**MADAME FLINT,**  
32, Queen's Road Central,  
Corner of Flower Street.

**TO-DAY'S ADVERTISEMENTS.**

**PUBLIC AUCTION.**

THE Undersigned have received instructions to sell by Public Auction, (FOR ACCOUNT OF THE CONSIGNOR) OR

**THURSDAY,**  
December 16, 1920, at 11 a.m., at their Sales Rooms, No. 8, Des Voeux Road, Corner of Lee House Street.

About fifty lots Diamond Jewellery,  
Including single and cluster stones Rings, Bracelets, Earrings, Bar Pins, Tie Pins, &c., &c.

Terms:—Cash

**HUGHES & ROUGH,**  
Auctioneers.  
Hongkong, December 11, 1920.

**TO-DAY'S ADVERTISEMENTS.**

**THE CHINA LIGHT AND POWER COMPANY, (1918) LIMITED.**

It is proposed at the forthcoming Meeting of shareholders on the 23rd instant, to declare a Dividend of 10 per cent. on the paid-up capital of \$80,000.00, less the sum of \$5,150.33, and to Credit of Shareholders' Provident Funds \$3,500.00 and to write off Goodwill Account \$141,650.33

**G. R. PUBLIC AUCTION.**

PARTICULARS and Conditions of the letting by Public Auction Sale, to be held on MONDAY, the 13th day of December, 1920, at 3 p.m., at the Office of the Public Works Department, by Order of His Excellency the Governor, of One Lot of CROWN LAND on Magazine Gap Road, in the Colony of Hongkong, for a term of 75 years, with the option of renewal at a Crown Rent to be fixed by the Surveyor of His Majesty the King, for one further term of 75 years.

PARTICULARS OF THE LOT.

No. of Lots	Boundary Measure	Area	Annual Rental	Rate
1	1/2 Acre	1/2 Acre	about 4,000	25

**WO PING THEATRE**  
(OPPOSITE CENTRAL MARKET)

TO-NIGHT, at 9.15 p.m.

Under the auspices of  
**THE CORONET.**  
H. W. RAY presents  
**GERALDINE FARRAR**  
in  
the wonderful Alaskan drama

**"SHADOWS"**

**PATHE GAZETTE**

**ROLIN COMEDY**

String Band in Attendance.

**THE CORONET SUPERSEASON**

TO-DAY, at 2.30, 5.15, 7.15 & 9.15  
**COMEDY PROGRAMME**

**HAROLD LLOYD in**



**BUMPING INTO BROADWAY**  
and  
**EMMY WEHLEN & CREIGHTON HALE**  
in



**"HIS BONDED WIFE"**  
SUNDAY, December 12th.  
Norma Talmadge  
in  
**The Law of Compensation**

**COMPANY REPORT.**

**THE CHINA LIGHT AND POWER COMPANY, (1918) LIMITED.**

It is proposed at the forthcoming meeting of shareholders, on Dec. 23rd, to—  
Declare a dividend of 10 per cent. \$80,000.00  
Place to credit of bad and doubtful debts 5,150.33  
And to credit of staffs' provident funds 3,500.00  
And to write off goodwill a/c 53,000.00  
\$141,650.33

**SPORT.**

**BILLIARDS.**

**ENGINEERS' INSTITUTE TOURNAMENT.**

A large gathering of members of the Institute of Engineers and Shipbuilders were present at the Institute's recreation room last night to witness the final in the tie for the Championship Billiards Cup and second prize represented by the Far East Oxygen and Acetylene Co. and Mr. R. Hunter (acc.) A very close and exciting game resulted in Mr. Hunter winning by 250-203. Mr. Hunter's best break was 29, while Mr. Forst had a beautifully compiled 31 to his credit.

**DIOCESAN BOYS' SCHOOL HONGKONG.**

A N OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION is being formed in connection with the above School. Old Boys are asked to send to the Headmaster their names and the names of other Old Boys with addresses. A Social Evening will be held at the School on TUESDAY, January 18th, 1921.

W. T. FEATHERSTONE, HEADMASTER.

**STEAMER FOR SALE.**

Under instructions received from THE MINISTRY OF SHIPPING, LONDON.

Offers are invited for the purchase of the Ex-Enemy Steamer

**"ANGHIN"**

Gross Tonnage 1613  
Net Tonnage 1001  
Built in 1903.

Terms of sale and full particulars may be ascertained on application to (and permits for inspection will be issued by) Messrs. Boustead & Co., Singapore; Messrs. Bullock Brothers & Co., Ltd., Rangoon; Messrs. Mackinnon Mackenzie & Co., Hongkong; and the undersigned. Sealed tenders should be lodged with Messrs. Mackinnon Mackenzie & Co., Calcutta. The tenders, which must be in sterling, will be opened at Calcutta on MONDAY, the 31st January, 1921, and must be valid for 14 days after that date.

MACKINNON, MACKENZIE & CO.,  
16, Strand Road,  
CALCUTTA.

**NOTICES.**

**NEW JERSEYS, JUMPERS & SCARF WRAPS.**



**SMART WOOL JUMPERS**  
\$7.50 to \$35.00

**WOOL WRAPS**  
\$3.75 to \$30.00

A PLEASING SELECTION OF COATS AND WRAPS WITH MANY DISTINCTIVE AND ORIGINAL FEATURES.  
**LANE, CRAWFORD & CO.**

**"BABY" GRAND PIANOS**

JUST UNPACKED FROM

**"BROADWOOD" LONDON.**

**"CHICKERING" BOSTON.**

The finest in the World.

**THE ANDERSON MUSIC CO., LTD.**  
15, DES VOEUX ROAD. TEL. 128.

**FINE SELECTION OF GOODS SUITABLE FOR XMAS & NEW YEAR PRESENTS.**

Including  
CUTEX SETS COITY'S & HOUICANT'S PERFUMERY  
MANICURE SETS HAIR BRUSHES & COMBS  
COLGATE'S GIFT BOXES PIPES & VACUUM FLASKS  
Etc. Etc.  
At Moderate Prices.  
**COLONIAL DISPENSARY.**  
Tel. No. 1877. 14 Queen's Road Central, Hongkong.

**THE "BON TON" LTD.**

87, Queen's Road Central.

JUST ARRIVED.

An odd assortment of Ladies' Hats of the latest French styles and make, no duplicates of any style. Also Evening Dress and Costume Materials and Trimmings, etc.

EXPECTED SHORTLY.

The universal popular BONTON Corsets.

**XMAS HAMPERS.**

WE beg to notify Customers that Assorted Hampers suitable for the festive season may be obtained from us at the following reduced rate.

- No. 1 HAMPER.**
- 1 Qt. Moët & Chandon Champagne "Crown Brand"
  - 1 Bt. Blackberry Brandy
  - 1 Bt. D.O.M.
  - 1 Qt. Martell's XXX Brandy
  - 1 Qt. King George IV W.L. Whisky or Perfection
  - 1 Bt. Superb Tawny Port
  - 1 Bt. St. Julien Claret
  - 1 Bt. Old Brown Sherry Red Seal
  - 1 Bt. D.O.M. Old Tom or Dry Gin
  - 1 Bt. Burgoyne's Australian Burgundy
  - 1 phial Pomeroy's Bitters
- No. 2 HAMPER.**
- 1 Qt. Goussier's Champagne
  - 1 Bt. D.O.M.
  - 1 Qt. Burgoyne's Australian Burgundy
  - 1 Bt. Martell's XXX Brandy
  - 1 Qt. King George IV W.L. Whisky or Perfection
  - 1 Bt. Tawny Dry Port
  - 1 Bt. St. Julien Claret
  - 1 Bt. D.O.M. Old Tom or Dry Gin
  - 1 Bt. Vio de Porto Yellow Seal Sherry
  - 1 phial Pomeroy's Bitters
- No. 3 HAMPER.**
- 1 Qt. Burgoyne's Australian Burgundy
  - 1 Bt. Get Freres Peppermint
  - 1 Bt. D.O.M.
  - 1 Qt. Superior Rich Old Port
  - 1 Qt. King George IV W.L. Whisky or Perfection Whisky
  - 1 Bt. Martell's XXX Brandy
  - 1 Bt. Amontillado Sherry White Seal
  - 1 Bt. Madec Claret
  - 1 Bt. D.O.M. Old Tom or Dry Gin
  - 1 phial Pomeroy's Bitters

Hampers of all descriptions made up to suit Customers' requirements.  
**GANE PRICE & CO., LTD.**  
TEL. 188. 8, QUEEN'S ROAD CENTRAL, HONGKONG.



# Wm. Powell Ltd.

TELEPHONE 346

## XMAS

## 1920.

### "CHRISTMAS" AND THE JOY OF IT ALL.

The Yuletide sentiment is here, about the whole shop—through and through—from top to bottom, in every Department, at every counter. It is apparent in the display of CHRISTMAS GOODS in the exclusive NOVELTIES, in the increased activity everywhere, in the very atmosphere that circulates through the building. We would like to prove this to you on MONDAY next, December 13, when we ask you to inspect our various Departments.

The Xmas Bazaar is more full than ever before of TOYS, DOLLS, GAMES, BOOKS, ANIMALS, MOTORS, ENGINES, SOLDIERS, TEA SETS and CRACKERS, etc etc. in an immense variety.

#### Delightful Array of Xmas Gifts for Ladies:—

FURS—Are Gifts Specially suited to Xmas-tide.  
SCARVES—Fleecy and Soft, as presents give pleasure and comfort.  
GLOVES—Are presents everyone is pleased to receive.  
HANDKERCHIEFS—SACHETS—Are useful and make distinctive gifts.  
HANDBAGS—As presents always have the appeal of novelty.

Umbrellas, Silk Hose, etc.—These are a few suggestions—May we ask you to walk round and let the hundred and one other items suggest themselves.

#### Useful presents, for Men—Suggestions that will help you in your selection.—

GLOVES—TIES—DRESSING GOWNS.  
SUITCASES—DRESSING CASES—WALKING STICKS.  
SLIPPERS—SWEATERS—HANDKERCHIEFS Etc.

DOWN QUILTS—Are always acceptable for warmth and comfort.  
ARTISTIC CUSHIONS—Always appeal to the woman with a home.  
CABINETS—SCREENS—ELECTRO PLATE WARE—CARVING SETS.  
CHAFING DISHES, SETS OF TEA KNIVES, BISCUIT BARRELS, CLARET JUGS. Etc.

THIS IS BY NO MEANS A CATALOGUE OF OUR STOCK.—NUMEROUS OTHER THINGS ARE SHOWN ABOUT THE DEPARTMENT.

Dress Department—GOWN OR COSTUME LENGTHS, GABERDINES, VELOURS, FOULARDS, CHIFFON VELVETS. Etc.

Fancy Linens—An Interesting Collection of Daintily Embroidered TRAY CLOTHS, DUCHESS SETS, 5 % TEA CLOTHS, SIDE BOARDED CLOTHS, Etc.

*It is not too soon to Buy.*



# BE HAPPY.

SEASONABLE STORY BY GREAT NOVELIST.

DICKENS' "CHRISTMAS CAROL."

REMEMBER MARLEY'S GHOST AND SCROOGE.

## STAVE ONE.

### MARLEY'S GHOST.

Marley was dead, to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it. And Scrooge's name was good upon 'Change, for anything he chose to put his hand to.

Old Marley was as dead as a door-nail.

"Mind!" I don't mean to say that I know, of my own knowledge, what there is particularly dead about a door-nail. I might have been inclined, myself, to regard a coffin-nail as the deadest piece of ironmongery in the trade. But the wisdom of our ancestors is in the simile; and my unhallowed hands shall not disturb it, or the country's done for. You will therefore permit me to repeat emphatically that Marley was as dead as a door-nail.

Scrooge knew he was dead? Of course he did. How could it be otherwise? Scrooge and he were partners for I don't know how many years. Scrooge was his sole executor, his sole administrator, his sole assign, his sole residuary legatee, his sole friend, and sole mourner. And even Scrooge was not so dreadfully cut up by the sad event, but that he was an excellent man of business on the very day of the funeral, and solemnised it with an undoubted bargain.

The mention of Marley's funeral brings me back to the point I started from. There is no doubt that Marley was dead. This must be distinctly understood, or nothing wonderful can come of the story I am going to relate. If we were not perfectly convinced

that Hamlet's father died before the play began, there would be nothing more remarkable in his taking a stroll at night, in an easterly wind, upon his own ramparts than there would be, in any other middle-aged gentleman rashly turning out after dark in a breezy spot—say St. Paul's Churchyard for instance—literally to astonish his son's weak mind.

Scrooge never painted out Old Marley's name. There it stood, years afterwards, above the warehouse door: Scrooge and Marley. The firm was known as Scrooge and Marley. Sometimes people new to the business called Scrooge Scrooge, and sometimes Marley, but he answered to both names. It was all the same to him.

Oh! But he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone. Scrooge! A squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous, old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shrivelled his cheek, stiffened his gait; made his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. A frosty rime was on his head, and on his eyebrows, and his wiry chin. He carried his own low temperature always about with him; he iced his office in the dog-days; and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas.

External heat and cold had little influence on Scrooge. No warmth could warm, no wintry weather chill him. No wind that blew was bitterer than he, no falling snow was more intent upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. Foul weather didn't know where to have him. The heaviest rain, and snow,

and hail, and sleet, could boast of the advantage over him in only one respect. They often "came down"; but he never "came down".

Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, with gladsome looks, "My dear Scrooge, how are you? When will you come to see me?" No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it was o'clock, no man or woman ever once in all his life inquired the way to such and such a place, of Scrooge. Even the blind men's dogs appeared to know him; and when they saw him coming on, would tug their owners into doorways and up courts; and then would wag their tails as though they said, "No eye at all is better than an evil eye, dark master!"

But what did Scrooge care? It was the very thing he liked. To edge his way along the crowded paths of life, warning all human sympathy to keep its distance, was what the knowing ones call "nuts" to Scrooge.

Once upon a time—of all the good days in the year on Christmas Eve—old Scrooge sat busy in his counting-house. It was cold, bleak, biting weather: foggy withal; and he could hear the people in the court outside go wheezing up and down, beating their hands upon their breasts, and stamping their feet upon the pavement stones to warm them. The city clocks had only just gone three, but it was quite dark already—it had not been light all day—and candles were flaring in the windows of the neighbouring offices, like ruddy smears upon the palpable brown air. The fog came pouring in at every chink and keyhole, and was so dense without, that although the court was of the narrowest, the houses opposite were mere phantoms. To see the dingy cloud come dropping down, obscuring every-

thing, one might have thought that Nature lived hard by, and was brewing on a large scale.

The door of Scrooge's counting-house was open that he might keep his eye upon his clerk, who, in a dismal little cell beyond, a sort of tank, was copying letters. Scrooge had a very small fire, but the clerk's fire was so very much smaller that it looked like one coal. But he couldn't replenish it, for Scrooge kept the coal-box in his own room; and so surely as the master predicted that it would be necessary for them to part, "Wherefore the clerk put on his white comforter, and tried to warm himself at the candle; in which effort, not being a man of strong imagination, he failed."

"A Merry Christmas, uncle!" God save you!" cried a cheerful voice. It was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him so quickly that this was the first intimation he had of his approach.

"Bah!" said Scrooge. "Humbug!"

He had so heated himself with rapid walking in the fog and frost, that his nephew of Scrooge's, that he was all in a glow, his eyes sparkled, and his breath smoked again.

"Christmas a humbug, uncle!" said Scrooge's nephew. "You don't mean that, I am sure?"

"I do," said Scrooge. "Merry Christmas. What right have you to be merry? What reason have you to be merry? You're poor enough."

"Come, then," returned the nephew gaily. "What right have you to be dismal? What reason have you to be morose? You're rich enough."

Scrooge, having no better answer ready on the spur of the moment, said, "Bah!" again; and followed it up with "Humbug!"

"Don't be cross, uncle!" said the nephew.

"What else can I be," returned the uncle, "when I live in such a world of fools as this? Merry Christmas! Out upon merry Christmas! What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, and not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books and having every item in 'em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you? If I could work my will," said Scrooge indignantly, "every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips, should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!"

"Uncle!" pleaded the nephew.

"Nephew!" returned the uncle sternly, "keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine."

"Keep it!" repeated Scrooge's

nephew. "But you don't keep it." "Let me leave it alone, then," said Scrooge. "Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!"

"There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say," returned the nephew—"Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round—apart from the mere pleasure of its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that—as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it has done me good, and will do me good; and I say, God bless it!"

The clerk in the tank involuntarily applauded. Becoming immediately sensible of the impropriety, he poked the fire, and extinguished the last frail spark for ever.

"Let me hear another sound from you," said Scrooge, "and you'll keep your Christmas by losing your situation! You're quite a powerful speaker, sir," he added, turning to his nephew. "I wonder you don't go into Parliament."

"Don't be angry, uncle. Come! Dine with us to-morrow."

Scrooge said that he would see him to-morrow. He went the whole length of the expression, and said that he would see him in that extremity first.

"But why?" cried Scrooge's nephew. "Why?"

"Why did you get married?" said Scrooge.

"Because I fell in love."

"Because you fell in love!" growled Scrooge, as if that were the only one thing in the world more ridiculous than a merry Christmas. "Good-afternoon!"

"Nay, uncle, but you never came to see me before that happened. Why give it as a reason for not coming now?"

"Good-afternoon," said Scrooge. "I am sorry, with all my heart, to find you so resolute. We have never had any quarrel, to which I have been a party. But I have made the trial in homage to Christmas, and I'll keep my Christmas humour to the last. So A Merry Christmas, uncle!"

"Good-afternoon!" said Scrooge. "And A Happy New Year!"

"Good-afternoon!" said Scrooge. His nephew left the room without an angry word, notwithstanding. He stopped at the outer door to bestow the greetings of the season on the clerk, who, cold as he was, was warmer than Scrooge; for he returned them cordially.

"There's another fellow," muttered Scrooge, who over-heard him; "my clerk, with fifteen shillings a week, and a wife and family, talking about a merry Christmas. I'll retire to Bedlam."

This lunatic, in testing Scrooge's nephew out, had let two other people in. They were portly gentlemen, pleasant to behold, and now stood, with their hats off, in Scrooge's office. They had books and papers in their hands, and bowed to him.

"Scrooge and Marley's, I believe," said one of the gentlemen, referring to his list. "Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Scrooge, or Mr. Marley?"

"Mr. Marley has been dead these seven years," Scrooge replied. "He died seven years ago, this very night."

"We have no doubt his liberality is well represented by his surviving partner," said the gentleman, presenting his credentials.

It certainly was; for they had been two kindred spirits. At the ominous word "liberality," Scrooge frowned, and shook his head, and handed the credentials back.

"At this festive season of the year, Mr. Scrooge," said the gentleman, taking up a pen, "it is more than usually desirable that we should make some slight provision for the poor and destitute, who suffer greatly at the present time. Many thousands are in want of common comforts, sir."

"Are there no prisons?" asked Scrooge.

"Plenty of prisons," said the gentleman, laying down the pen again.

"And the union workhouses?" demanded Scrooge. "Are they still in operation?"

"They are. Still," returned the gentleman. "I wish I could say they were not."

"The treadmill and the Poor Law are in full vigour, then?" said Scrooge.

"Both very busy, sir."

"Oh! I was afraid, from what you said at first, that something had occurred to stop them in their useful course," said Scrooge. "I'm very glad to hear it."

"Under the impression that they scarcely furnish Christian cheer of mind or body to the multitude," returned the gentleman, "a few of us are endeavouring to raise a fund to buy the poor some meat and drink, and means of warmth. We choose this time, because it is a time, of all

others, when want is keenly felt, and abundance rejoices. What shall I put you down for?"

"Nothing!" Scrooge replied. "You wish to be anonymous?"

"I wish to be left alone," said Scrooge. "Since you ask me what I wish, gentlemen, that is my answer. I don't make merry myself at Christmas, and I can't afford to make idle people merry. I help to support the establishments—I have mentioned—they cost enough; and those who are badly off must go there."

"Many can't go there; and many would rather die," said Scrooge. "If they would rather die, said Scrooge, "they had better do it, and decrease the surplus population. Besides—excuse me—I don't know that."

"But you might know it," observed the gentleman.

"It's not my business," Scrooge returned. "It's enough for a man to understand his own business, and not to interfere with other people's. Mine occupies me constantly. Good-afternoon, gentlemen?"

Seeing clearly that it would be useless to pursue their point, the gentlemen withdrew. Scrooge resumed his labours with an improved opinion of himself, and in a more facetious temper than was usual with him.

Meanwhile the fog and darkness thickened so, that people ran about with flaring links, proffering their services to go before horses in carriages, and conduct them on their way. The ancient tower of a church, whose gruff old bell was always peeping slyly down at Scrooge out of a gothic window in the wall, became invisible, and struck the hours and quarters in the clouds, with tremulous vibrations afterwards, as if its teeth were chattering in its frozen head up there. The cold became intense. In the main street, at the corner of the court, some labourers were repairing the gas-pipes, and had lighted a great fire in a brazier, round which a party of ragged men and boys were gathered, warming their hands and winking their eyes before the blaze in rapture. The water-pipe being left in solitude, its overflows sullenly congealed, and turned to misanthropic ice. The brightness of the shops where holly sprigs and berries crackled in the lamp heat of the windows, made pale faces ruddy as they passed. Poulterers' and grocers' trades became a splendid joke—a glorious pageant, with which it was next to impossible to believe that such dull principles as bargain and sale had anything to do. The Lord Mayor, in the stronghold of the mighty Mansion House, gave orders to his flit cooks and butlers to keep Christmas as a Lord Mayor's

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## BE HAPPY.

(Continued from Page 7.)

household should; and even the little tailor, whom he had fined five shillings on the previous Monday for being drunk and blood-thirsty in the streets, stirred up to-morrow's pudding in his garret, while his lean wife and the baby sallied out to buy the beef.

Foggier yet, and colder: Piercing, searching, biting cold. If the good St. Dunstan had but nipped the evil spirit's nose with a touch of such weather as that, instead of using his familiar weapons, then indeed he would have roared to lusty purpose. The owner of one scant young nose, gnawed and numbed by the hungry cold as bones are gnawed by dogs, stooped down at Scrooge's keyhole to regale him with a Christmas carol; but at the first sound of—

"God bless you, merry gentleman! May nothing but dismay come upon you!"

Scrooge seized the ruler with such energy of action, that the singer fled in terror, leaving the keyhole to the fog and even more congenial frost.

At length the hour of shutting up the counting-house arrived. With an ill-will Scrooge dismounted from his stool, and hastily admitted the fact to the expectant clerk in the tank, who instantly snuffed his candle out, and put on his hat.

"You'll want all day to-morrow, I suppose?" said Scrooge.

"If quite convenient, sir."

"It's not convenient," said Scrooge. "and it's not fair. If I was to stop half a crown for it, you'd think yourself ill-used, I'll be bound?"

The clerk smiled faintly.

"And yet," said Scrooge, "you don't think me ill-used, when I pay a day's wages for no work."

The clerk observed that it was only once a year.

"A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December!" said Scrooge, buttoning his great-coat to the chin. "But I suppose you must have the whole day. Be here all the earlier next morning."

The clerk promised that he would; and Scrooge walked out with a growl. The office was closed in a twinkling, and the clerk, with the long ends of his white comforter dangling below his waist (for he boasted no great coat), went down a slide on Cornhill, at the end of a lane of boys, twenty times, in honour of its being Christmas Eve, and then ran home to Camden Town as hard as he could pelt, to play at blindman's-buff.

Scrooge took his melancholy dinner in his usual melancholy tavern;

and having read all the newspapers, and beguiled the rest of the evening with his banker's book, went home to bed. He lived in chambers which had once belonged to his deceased partner. They were a gloomy suite of rooms, in a lowering pile of building up a yard, where it had so little business to be, that one could scarcely help fancying it must have run there when it was a young house, playing at hide-and-seek with other houses, and have forgotten the way out again. It was old enough now, and dreary enough, for nobody lived in it but Scrooge, the other rooms being all let out as offices. The yard was so dark that even Scrooge, who knew its every stone, was fain to grope with his hands. The fog and frost so hung about the black old gateway of the house, that it seemed as if the genius of the weather sat in mournful meditation on the threshold.

Now, it is a fact that there was nothing at all particular about the knocker on the door, except that it was very large. It is also a fact that Scrooge had seen it, night and morning, during his whole residence in that place; also that Scrooge had as little of what is called fancy about him as any man in the city of London, even including—which is a bold word—the corporation, aldermen, and livery. Let it also be borne in mind that Scrooge had not bestowed one thought on Marley, since his last mention of his seven-years dead partner that afternoon. And then let any man explain to me, if he can, how it happened that Scrooge, having his key in the lock of the door, saw in the knocker, without its undergoing any intermediate process of change—not a knocker, but Marley's face.

Marley's face. It was not in impenetrable shadow as the other objects in the yard were, but had a dismal light about it, like a bad lobster in a dark cellar. It was not angry or ferocious, but looked at Scrooge as Marley used to look, with ghostly spectacles turned up on its ghostly forehead. The hair was curiously stirred, as if by breath or hot air; and, though the eyes were wide open, they were perfectly motionless. That, and its livid colour, made it horrible; but its horror seemed to be in spite of the face and beyond its control, rather than a part of its own expression.

As Scrooge looked fixedly at this phenomenon, it was a knocker again.

To say that he was not startled, or that his blood was not conscious of a terrible sensation to which it had been a stranger from infancy, would be untrue. But he put his hand upon the key he had relinquished, turned

it sturdily, walked in, and lighted his candle.

He did pause, with a moment's irresolution, before he shut the door; and he did look cautiously behind it first, as if he half expected to be terrified with the sight of Marley's pigtail sticking out into the hall. But there was nothing on the back of the door, except the screws and nuts that held the knocker on, so he said, "Pooh, pooh!" and closed it with a bang.

The sound resounded through the house like thunder. Every room above, and every cask in the wine-merchant's cellars below, appeared to have a separate peal of echoes of its own. Scrooge was not a man to be frightened by echoes. He fastened the door, and walked across the hall, and up the stairs; slowly, too; trimming his candle as he went.

You may talk vaguely about driving a coach-and-six up a good old flight of stairs, or through a bad young Act of Parliament; but I mean to say you might have got a hearse up that staircase, and taken it down by the wall, with the splinter-bar towards the balustrade; and done it easy. There was plenty of width for that, and room to spare; which is perhaps the reason why Scrooge thought he saw a hypocritical hearse going on before him in the gloom. Half a dozen gas-lamps out of the street wouldn't have lighted the entry too well, so you may suppose that it was pretty dark with Scrooge's dip.

Up Scrooge went, not caring a button for that. Darkness is cheap, and Scrooge liked it. But before he shut his heavy door, he walked through his rooms to see that all was right. He had just enough recollection of the face to desire to do that.

Sitting-room, bedroom, lumber-room. All as they should be. Nobody under the table, nobody under the sofa; a small fire in the grate; spoon and basin ready; and the little saucepan of gruel (Scrooge had a cold in his head) upon the hob. Nobody in the bed; nobody in the closet; nobody in his dressing-gown, which was hanging up in a suspicious attitude against the wall. Lumber-room as usual. Old fire-guard, old shoes, two fish-baskets, washing-stand on three legs, and a poker.

Quite satisfied, he closed his door, and locked himself in—double-locked himself in, which was not his custom. Thus secured against surprise, he took off his cravat; put on his dressing-gown and slippers, and his night-cap; and sat down before the fire to take his glass.

It was a very low fire indeed; but nothing on such a bitter night. He was obliged to sit close to it, and

brood over it, before he could extract the least sensation of warmth from such a handful of fuel. The fireplace was an old one, built by some Dutch merchant long ago, and paved all round with quaint Dutch tiles, designed to illustrate the Scriptures. There were Cains and Abels, Pharaoh's daughters, Queens of Sheba, angelic messengers descending through the air on clouds like feather-beds, Abrahams, Belshazzars, Apostles putting off to sea in butter-boats, hundreds of figures to attract his thoughts; and yet that face of Marley, seven years dead, came like the ancient prophet's rod, and swallowed up the whole. If each smooth tile had been a blank at first, with power to shape some picture on its surface from the disjointed fragments of his thoughts, there would have been a copy of old Marley's head on every one.

"Humbug!" said Scrooge; and walked across the room.

After several turns, he sat down again. As he threw his head back in the chair, his glance happened to rest upon a bell, a disused bell, that hung in the room, and communicated, for some purpose now forgotten, with a chamber in the highest story of the building. It was with great astonishment, and with a strange, inexplicable dread, that as he looked, he saw this bell begin to swing. It swung so softly in the outset that it scarcely made a sound; but soon it rang out loudly, and so did every bell in the house.

This might have lasted, half a minute, but it seemed an hour. The bells ceased as they had begun, together. They were succeeded by a clanking noise, deep down below; as if some person were dragging a heavy chain over the casks in the wine-merchant's cellar. Scrooge then remembered to have heard that ghosts in haunted houses were described as dragging chains.

The cellar door flew open with a booming sound, and then he heard the noise much louder, on the floors below; then coming up the stairs; then coming straight towards his door.

"It's humbug still!" said Scrooge. "I won't believe it."

His colour changed, though, when, without a pause, it came on through the heavy door, and passed into the room before his eyes. Upon its coming in, the dying flame leaped up, as though it cried, "I know him: Marley's ghost!" and fell again.

The same face: the very same. Marley in his pigtail, usual waistcoat, tights, and boots: the tassels on the latter bristling, like his pigtail, and his coat-skirts, and the hair upon his head. The chain he drew was clasped about his middle. It was

long, and wound about him like a tail; and it was made (for Scrooge observed it closely) of cash-boxes, keys, padlocks, ledgers, deeds, and heavy purses wrought in steel. His body was transparent; so that Scrooge, observing him, and looking through his waistcoat, could see the two buttons on his coat behind.

Scrooge had often heard it said that Marley had no bowels, but he had never believed it until now. No, nor did he believe it even now. Though he looked the phantom through and through, and saw it standing before him; though he felt the chilling influence of its death-cold eyes; and marked the very texture of the folded kerchief bound about his head and chin, which wrapper he had not observed before; he was still incredulous, and fought against his senses.

"How now!" said Scrooge, caustic and cold as ever. "What do you want with me?"

"Much!"—Marley's voice, no doubt about it.

"Who are you?"

"Ask me who I was."

"Who were you then?" said Scrooge, raising his voice. "You're particular, for a shade." He was going to say "to a shade," but substituted this, as more appropriate.

"In life I was your partner, Jacob Marley."

"Can you—can you sit down?" asked Scrooge, looking doubtfully at him.

"I can."

"Do it, then."

Scrooge asked the question, because he didn't know whether a ghost so transparent might find himself in a condition to take a chair; and felt that in the event of its being impossible, it might involve the necessity of an embarrassing explanation. But the ghost sat down on the opposite side of the fireplace, as if he were quite used to it.

"You don't believe in me," observed the ghost.

"I don't," said Scrooge.

"What evidence would you have of my reality beyond that of your senses?"

"I don't know," said Scrooge.

"Why do you doubt your senses?"

"Because," said Scrooge, "a little thing affects them. A slight disorder of the stomach makes them cheats. You may be an undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of an underdone potato. There's more of gravity than of grave about you, whatever you are."

Scrooge was not much in the habit of cracking jokes, nor did he feel, in his heart, by any means waggish then. The truth is, that he tried to be smart,

as a means of distracting his own attention, and keeping down his terror; for the spectre's voice disturbed the very marrow in his bones.

To sit, staring at those fixed glazed eyes, in silence for a moment, would play, Scrooge felt, the very deuce with him. There was something very awful, too, in the spectre's being provided with an infernal atmosphere of its own. Scrooge could not feel it himself, but this was clearly the case; for though the ghost sat perfectly motionless, its hair, and skirts, and tassels were still agitated as by the hot vapour from an oven.

"You see this toothpick?" said Scrooge, returning quickly to the charge, for the reason just assigned; and wishing, though it were only for a second, to divert the vision's stony gaze from himself.

"I do," replied the ghost.

"You are not looking at it," said Scrooge.

"But I see it," said the ghost, "notwithstanding."

"Well!" returned Scrooge. "I have but to swallow this, and be for the rest of my days persecuted by a legion of goblins, all of my own creation. Humbug, I tell you—humbug!"

At this the spirit raised a frightful cry, and shook its chain with such a dismal and appalling noise, that Scrooge held on tight to his chair, and saved himself from falling in a swoon. But how much greater was his horror, when the phantom taking off the bandage round its head, as if it were too warm to wear indoors, its lower jaw-dropped down upon its breast!

Scrooge fell upon his knees, and clasped his hands before his face.

"Mercy!" he said. "Dreadful apparition, why do you trouble me?"

"Man of the worldly mind," replied the ghost, "do you believe in me or not?"

"I do," said Scrooge. "I must. But why do spirits walk the earth, and why do they come to me?"

"It is required of every man," the ghost returned, "that the spirit within him should walk abroad among his fellow-men, and travel far and wide; and if that spirit goes not forth in life, it is condemned to do so after death. It is doomed to wander through the world—oh, woe is me!—and witness what it cannot share, but might have shared on earth, and turned to happiness!"

Again the spectre raised a cry, and shook its chain and wrung its shadowy hands.

"You are fettered," said Scrooge, trembling. "Tell me why!"

"I wear the chain I forged in life," replied the ghost. "I made it link by link, and yard by yard; I girded it on of my own free will, and

of my own free will I wore it. Is its pattern strange to you?"

Scrooge trembled more and more.

"Or would you know," pursued the ghost, "the weight and length of the strong coil you bear yourself? It was full as heavy and long as this, seven Christmas Eves ago. You have laboured on it, since. It is a ponderous chain!"

Scrooge glanced about him on the floor, in the expectation of finding himself surrounded by some fifty or sixty fathoms of iron cable; but he could see nothing.

"Jacob!" he said, imploringly.

"Old Jacob Marley, tell me more. Speak comfort to me, Jacob!"

"I have none to give," the ghost replied. "It comes from other regions, Ebenezer Scrooge, and is conveyed by other ministers, to other kinds of men. Nor can I tell you what I would. A very little more, is all permitted to me. I cannot rest, I cannot stay, I cannot linger anywhere. My spirit never walked beyond our counting-house—mark me!—in life; my spirit never roved beyond the narrow limits of our money-changing hole; and weary journeys lie before me!"

It was a habit with Scrooge, when even he became thoughtful, to put his hands in his breeches pockets. Pondering on what the ghost had said, he did so now, but without lifting up his eyes, or getting off his knees.

"You must have been very slow about it, Jacob," Scrooge observed, in a business-like manner, though with humility and deference.

"Slow!" the ghost repeated. "Seven years dead," mused Scrooge. "And travelling all the time?"

"The whole time," said the ghost. "No rest, no peace. Incessant torture of remorse."

"You travel fast?" said Scrooge.

"On the wings of the wind," replied the ghost.

"You might have got over a great quantity of ground in seven years," said Scrooge.

The ghost, on hearing this set up another cry, and clanked its chain so hideously in the dead silence of the night, that the ward would have been justified in indicting it for a nuisance.

"Oh! captive, bound, and double-ironed," cried the phantom, "not to know, that ages of incessant labour, by immortal creatures, for this earth must pass into eternity before the good of which it is susceptible is all developed. Not to know that any Christian spirit working kindly in its little sphere, whatever it may be, will find its mortal life too short for its vast means of usefulness. Nor to know that no

(Continued on Page 10.)



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## BE HAPPY.

(Continued from Page 8.)

space of regret can make amends for lost life's opportunities misused. Yet such was I! Oh! such was I!

"But you were always a good man of business, Jacob," faltered Scrooge, who now began to apply this to himself.

"Business!" cried the ghost, wringing its hands again. "Man-kind was my business. The common welfare was my business; charity, mercy, forbearance, and benevolence, were all my business. The dealings of my trade were but a drop of water in the comprehensive ocean of my business."

It held up its chain at arm's length, as if that were the cause of all its unavailing grief, and flung it heavily upon the ground again.

"At this time of the rolling year," the spectre said, "I suffer most. Why do I walk through crowds of fellow-beings with my eyes turned down, and never raise them to that blessed Star which led the Wise Men to a poor abode? Were there no poor homes to which its light would have conducted me?"

Scrooge was very much dismayed to hear the spectre going on at this rate, and began to quake exceedingly.

"Hear me!" cried the ghost. "My time is nearly gone."

"I will," said Scrooge. "But don't be hard upon me! Don't be flowery, Jacob! Pray!"

"How it is that I appear before you in a shape that you can see, I may not tell. I have sat invisible beside you many and many a day."

It was not an agreeable idea. Scrooge shivered, and wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"That is no light part of my penance," pursued the ghost. "I am here to-night to warn you, that you have yet a chance and hope of escaping my fate. A chance and hope of my procuring Ebenezer."

"You were always a good friend to me," said Scrooge. "Thank'ee."

"You will be haunted," resumed the ghost, "by three spirits."

Scrooge's countenance fell almost as low as the ghost's had done.

"Is that the chance and hope you mentioned, Jacob?" he demanded, in a faltering voice.

"It is," said Scrooge.

"Without their visits," said the ghost, "you cannot hope to shun the path I tread. Expect the first to-morrow, when the bell tolls one."

"Couldn't I take 'em all at once, and have it over, Jacob?" hinted Scrooge.

"Expect the second on the next night at the same hour. The third, upon the next night when the last stroke of twelve has ceased to vibrate. Look to see me no more; and look that, for your own sake, you remember what has passed between us!"

When it had said these words, the spectre took its wrapper from the table, and bound it round its head, as before. Scrooge knew this, by the smart sound its teeth made, when the jaws were brought together by the bandage. He ventured to raise his eyes again, and found his supernatural visitor confronting him in an erect attitude, with its chain wound over and about its arm.

The apparition walked backward from him; and at every step it took, the window raised itself a little, so that when the spectre reached it, it was wide open. It beckoned Scrooge to approach, which he did. When they were within two paces of each other, Marley's ghost held up its hand, warning him to come no nearer.

Scrooge stopped.

Not so much in obedience, as in surprise and fear; for on the raising of the hand, he became sensible of confused noises in the air; incoherent sounds of lamentation and regret; wailings inexpressibly sorrowful and self-accusatory. The spectre, after listening for a moment, joined in the mournful dirge; and floated out upon the bleak, dark night.

Scrooge followed to the window; desperate in his curiosity. He looked out.

The air was filled with phantoms, wandering hither and thither in restlessness and fear; for on the raising of the hand, he became sensible of confused noises in the air; incoherent sounds of lamentation and regret; wailings inexpressibly sorrowful and self-accusatory. The spectre, after listening for a moment, joined in the mournful dirge; and floated out upon the bleak, dark night.

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being, from the emotion he had undergone, or the fatigues of the day, or his glimpse of the invisible world, or the dull conversation of the ghost, or the lateness of the hour, much in need of repose, went straight to bed, without undressing, and fell asleep upon the instant.

## STAVE TWO.

## THE FIRST OF THE THREE SPIRITS.

When Scrooge awoke, it was so dark, that, looking out of bed, he could scarcely distinguish the transparent window from the opaque walls of his chamber. He was endeavouring to pierce the darkness with his ferret eyes, when the chiming of a neighbouring church struck the four quarters. So he listened for the hour.

To his great astonishment the heavy bell went on from six to seven, and from seven to eight, and regularly up to twelve; then stopped. Twelve! It was past two when he went to bed. The clock was wrong. An icicle must have got into the works. Twelve!

He touched the spring of his repeating clock, to correct this most preposterous error. Its rapid little pulse beat twelve; and stopped.

"Why, it isn't possible," said Scrooge, "that I can have slept through a whole day and far into another night. It isn't possible that anything has happened to the sun, and this is twelve at noon?"

The idea being an alarming one, he scrambled out of bed; and groped his way to the window. He was obliged to rub the frost off with the sleeve of his dressing-gown before he could see anything; and could see very little then. All he could make out was, that it was still very foggy and extremely cold, and that there was no noise of people running to and fro, and making a great stir, as there unquestionably would have been if night had beaten off bright day, and taken possession of the world. This was a great relief, because "three days after sight of this first of exchange pay to Mr. Ebenezer Scrooge or his order," and so forth, would have become a mere United States' security if there were no days to count by.

Scrooge went to bed again, and thought, and thought, and thought it over and over and over, and could make nothing of it. The more he thought, the more perplexed he was; and the more he endeavoured not to think, the more he thought.

Marley's ghost bothered him exceedingly. Every time he resolved within himself, after mature inquiry, that it was all a dream, his mind flew back again, like a strong spring released, to its first position, and presented the same problem to be worked all through. "Was it a dream or not?"

Scrooge lay in this state until the chime had gone three quarters more, when he remembered, on a sudden, that the ghost had warned him of a visitation when the bell tolled one. He resolved to lie awake until the hour was passed; and, considering that he could no more go to sleep than go to heaven, this was perhaps the wisest resolution in his power.

The quarter was so long, that he was more than once convinced he must have sunk into a dose unconsciously, and missed the clock. At length it broke upon his listening ear.

"Ding, dong!"

"A quarter past," said Scrooge, counting.

"Ding, dong!"

"Half-past!" said Scrooge.

"Ding, dong!"

"A quarter to it," said Scrooge.

"Ding, dong!"

"The hour itself," said Scrooge triumphantly, "and nothing else!"

He spoke before the hour bell sounded, which it now did with a deep, dull, hollow, melancholy tone. Light flashed up in the room upon the instant, and the curtains of his bed were drawn.

The curtains of his bed were drawn aside, I tell you, by a hand. Not the curtains at his feet, nor the curtains at his back, but those to which his face was addressed. The curtains of his bed were drawn aside; and Scrooge, staring up into a half-recumbent attitude, found himself face to face with the unearthly visitor, who drew them, as close to it as he now to you, and I am standing in the spirit at your elbow.

It was a strange figure—like a child: yet not so like a child as like an old man, viewed through some supernatural medium, which gave him the appearance of having receded from the view, and being diminished to a child's proportions. Its hair, which hung about its neck and down its back, was white as if with age; and yet the face had not a wrinkle in it, and the tenderest bloom was on the skin. The arms were very long and muscular; the hands the same, as if its hold were of uncommon strength. Its legs and feet, most delicately formed, were, like those upper members, bare. It wore a tunic of the purest white; and round its waist was bound a lustrous belt, the sheen of which was beautiful. It held a branch of fresh green holly in its hand; and, in singular contradiction of that wintry emblem, had its dress trimmed with summer flowers. But the strangest thing about it was, that from the crown of its head there sprang a bright, clear jet of light, by which all this was visible; and which was doubtless the

occasion of its using, in its duller moments, a great extinguisher for a cap, which it now held under its arm.

Even this, though, when Scrooge looked at it with increasing steadiness, was not its strangest quality. For as its belt sparkled and glittered now in one part and now in another, and what was light one instant, at another time was dark, so the figure itself fluctuated in its distinctness; being now a thing with one arm, now with one leg, now with twenty legs, now a pair of legs without a head, now a head without a body; of which dissolving parts, no outline would be visible in the dense gloom wherein they melted away. And in the very wonder of this, it would be itself again; distinct and clear as ever.

"Are you the spirit, sir, whose coming was foretold to me?" asked Scrooge.

"I am!"

The voice was soft and gentle. Singularly low, as if, instead of being so close beside him, it were at a distance.

"Who, and what are you?" Scrooge demanded.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Past."

"Long past?" inquired Scrooge, observing of its dwarfish stature.

"No. Your past."

Perhaps Scrooge could not have told anybody why, if anybody could have asked him, but he had a special desire to see the spirit in his cap; and begged him to be covered.

"What!" exclaimed the ghost, "would you so soon put out, with wordy hands, the light I give? Is it not enough that you are one of those whose passions made this cap, and force me through whole trains of years to wear it low upon my brow?"

Scrooge reverently disclaimed all intention to offend or any knowledge of having wilfully "bonneted" the spirit at any period of his life. He then made bold to inquire what business brought him there.

"Your welfare!" said the ghost.

Scrooge expressed himself much obliged, but could not help thinking that a night of unbroken rest would have been more conducive to that end.

The spirit must have heard him thinking, for it said immediately—

"Your recollection, then. Take heed!"

It put out its strong hand as it spoke, and clasped him gently by the arm.

"Rise! and walk with me!"

It would have been in vain for Scrooge to plead that the weather and the hour were not adapted to pedestrian purposes; that bed was warm, and the thermometer a long way below freezing; that he was clad but lightly in his shippers, dressing-gown, and nightcap; and that he had a cold upon

him at that time. The grasp, though gentle as a woman's hand, was not to be resisted. He rose; but finding that the spirit made towards the window, clasped its robe in supplication.

"I am a mortal," Scrooge remonstrated, "and liable to fall."

"Bear but a touch of my hand there," said the spirit, laying it upon his heart, "and you shall be upheld in more than this!"

As the words were spoken, they passed through the wall, and stood upon an open country road, with fields on either hand. The city had entirely vanished. Not a vestige of it was to be seen. The darkness and the mist had vanished with it, for it was a clear, cold, winter day, with snow upon the ground.

"Good Heavens!" said Scrooge, clasping his hands together, as he looked about him. "I was bred in this place. I was a boy here!"

The spirit gazed upon him mildly. Its gentle touch, though it had been light and instantaneous, appeared still present to the old man's sense of feeling. He was conscious of a thousand odours floating in the air, each one connected with a thousand thoughts, hopes, and joys, and cares long, long forgotten!

"Your lip is trembling," said the ghost. "And what is that upon your cheek?"

Scrooge muttered, with an unusual catching in his voice, that it was a pimple; and begged the ghost to lead him where he would.

"You recollect the way," inquired the spirit.

"Remember it!" cried Scrooge, with fervour. "I could walk it blindfold."

"Strange to have forgotten it for so many years!" observed the ghost. "Let us go on."

They walked along the road—Scrooge recognising every gate, and post, and tree—until a little market town appeared in the distance, with its bridge, its church, and winding river. Some shaggy ponies now were seen trotting towards them with boys upon their backs, who called to other boys in country gigs and carts, driven by farmers. All these boys were in great spirits, and shouted to each other, until the broad fields were so full of merry music, that the crisp air laughed to hear it.

"These are but shadows of the things that have been," said the ghost. "They have no consciousness of us."

The jocund travellers came on; and as they came, Scrooge knew, and named them every one. Why was he rejoiced beyond all bounds to see them? Why did his cold eye glisten, and his heart leap up as they went past? Why was he filled with gladness when he heard them give each other

Merry Christmas, as they parted at cross-roads and byways, for their several homes?—What was Merry Christmas to Scrooge? Out upon Merry Christmas! What good had it ever done to him?

"The school is not quite deserted," said the ghost. "A solitary child, neglected by his friends, is left there still."

Scrooge said he knew it. And he sobbed.

They left the high-road, by a well-remembered lane, and soon approached a mansion of dull red brick, with a little weathercock-surmounted cupola on the roof, and a bell hanging in it. It was a large house, but one of broken fortunes; for the spacious offices were little used, their windows were damp and mossy, their doors decayed, and their gates decayed. Fowls clucked and strutted in the stables; and the coach-houses and sheds were overrun with grass. Nor was it more retentive of its ancient state within; for entering the dreary hall, and glancing through the open doors of many rooms, they found them poorly furnished, cold, and vast. There was an earthy savour in the air, a chilly bareness in the place, which associated itself somehow with too much getting up by candle-light, and not too much to eat.

They went, the ghost and Scrooge, across the hall, to a door at the back of the house. It opened before them, and disclosed a long, bare, melancholy room, made bare still by lines of plain deal forms and desks. At one of these a lonely boy was reading near a feeble fire; and Scrooge sat down upon a form, and wept to see his poor forgotten self as he had used to be.

Not a latent echo in the house, not a squeak and scuffle from the mice behind the panelling, not a drip from the half-shaved water-spout in the dull yard behind, not a sigh among the leafless boughs of one despondent poplar, not the idle swinging of an empty storehouse door, no, not a creaking in the fire, but fell upon the heart of Scrooge with softening influence, and gave a freer passage to his tears.

The spirit touched him on the arm, and pointed to his younger self, intent upon his reading. Suddenly a man, in foreign garments—wonderfully real and distinct to look at—stood outside the window, with an axe stuck in his belt, and leaning by the hearth an ass laden with wood.

"Why, it's Al! Baba!" Scrooge exclaimed in ecstasy. "It's dear old honest Al! Baba! Yes, yes, I know! One Christmas time, when yonder solitary child was left here all alone, he did come, for the first time, just like that. Poor boy! And Valentine," said Scrooge, "and his wild brother, Orson; there they go! And

(Continued on Page 12.)

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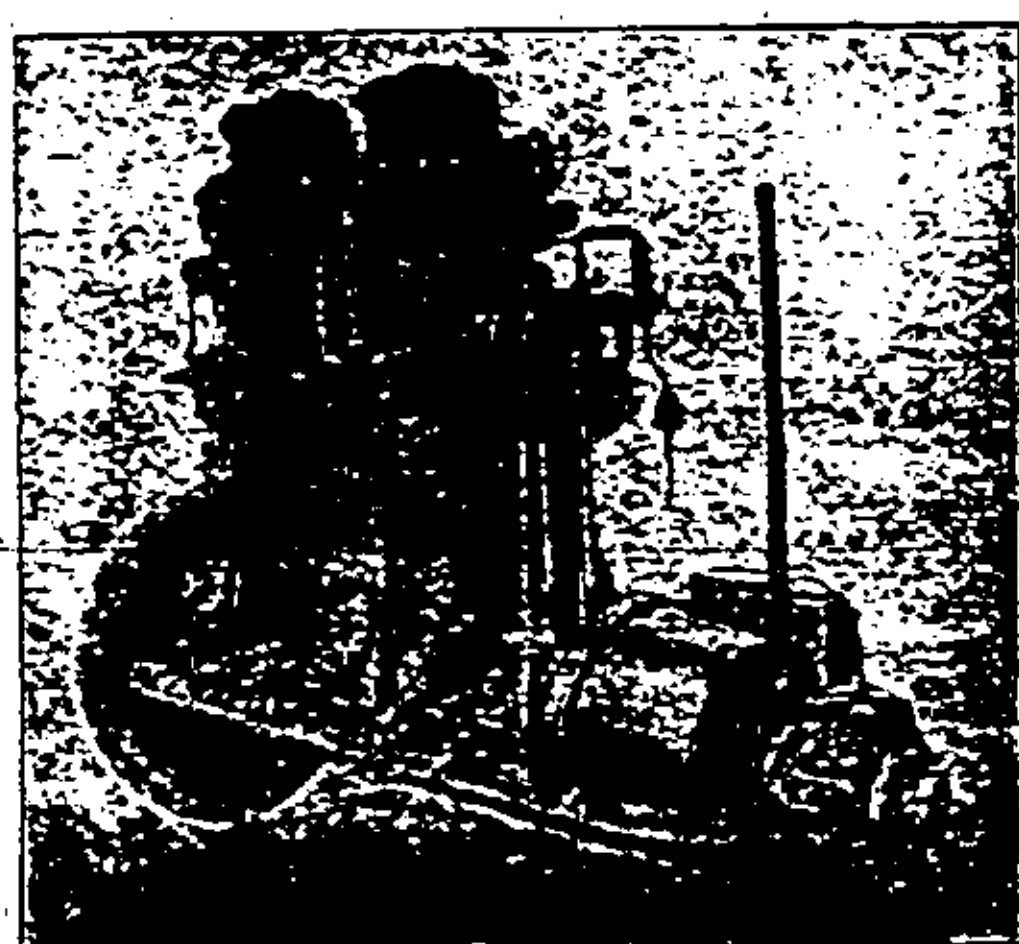
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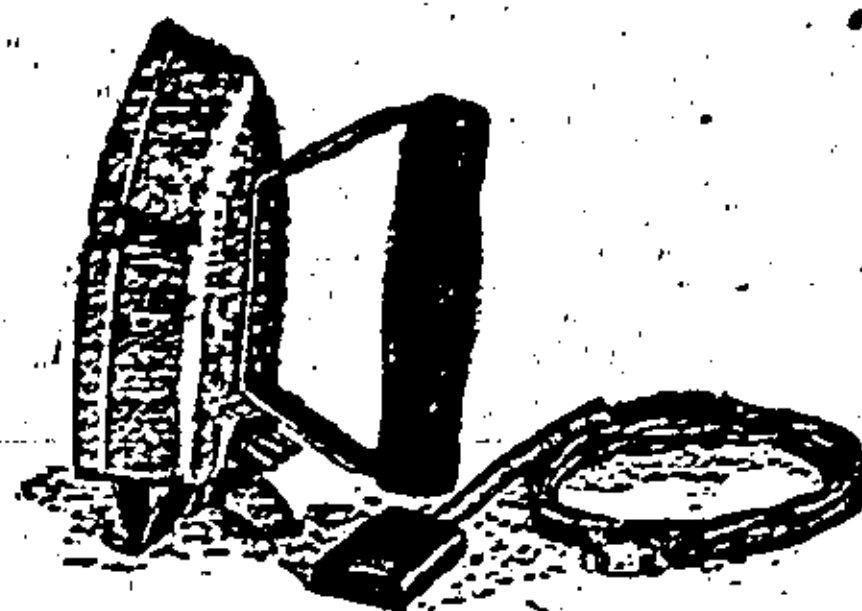
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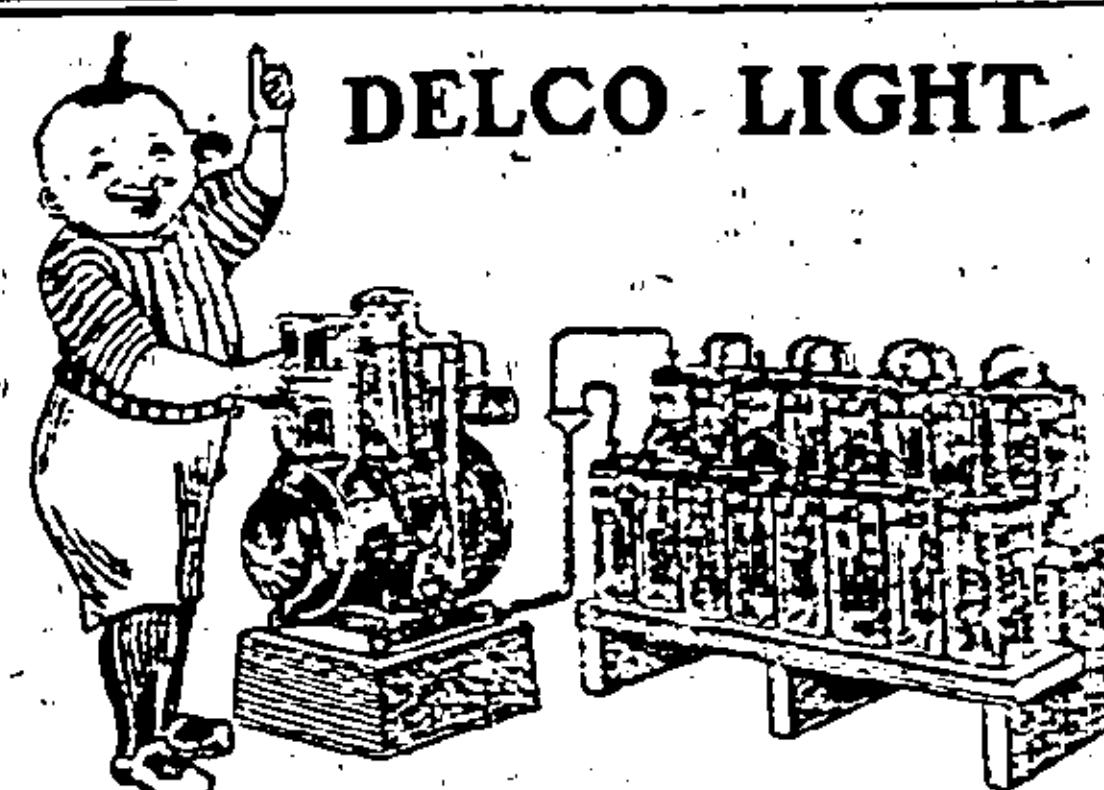
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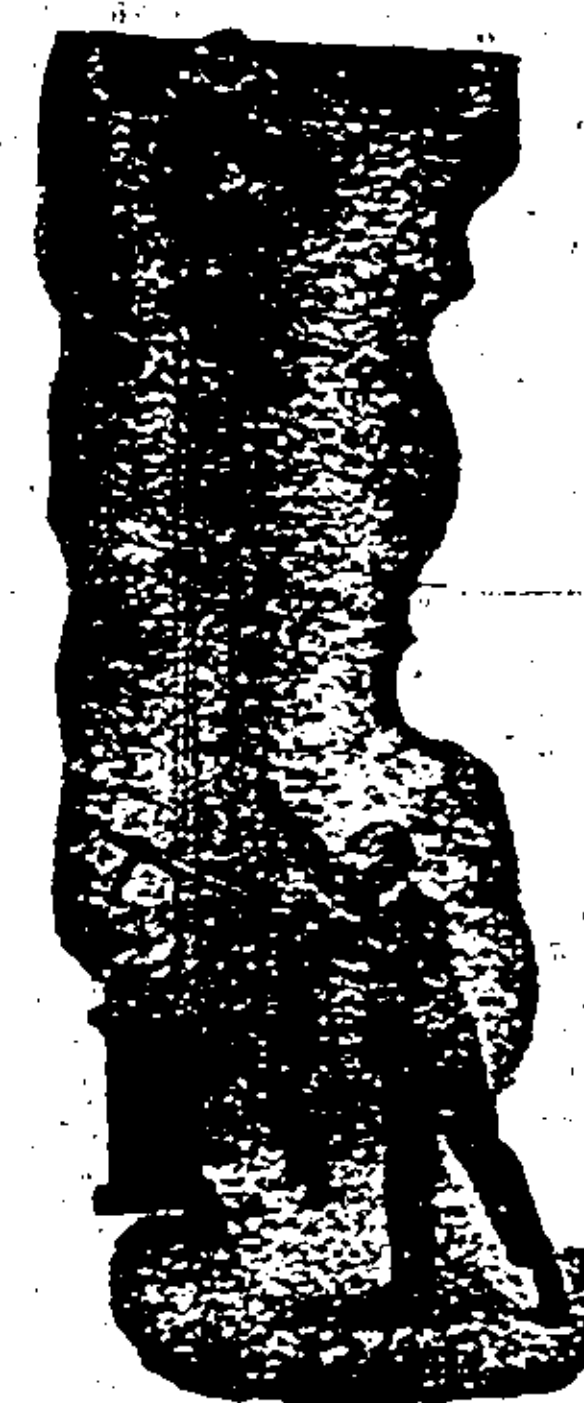
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## BE HAPPY.

(Continued from Page 10.)

what's his name, who was put down in his drawers, asleep, at the gate of Damascus; don't you see him? And the Sultan's Groom turned upside-down by the Genii: there he is upon his head! Serve him right! I'm glad of it. What business had he to be married to the Princess?"

To hear Scrooge expending all the earnestness of his nature on such subjects, in a most extraordinary voice between laughing and crying, and to see his heightened and excited face, would have been a surprise to his business friends in the city, indeed.

"There's the parrot," cried Scrooge. "Green body and yellow tail, with a thing like a fence growing out of the top of his head, there he is! Poor Robin Crusoe, he called him, when he came home again after sailing round the island."

"Poor Robin Crusoe, where have you been Robin Crusoe?" The man thought he was dreaming, but he wasn't. It was the parrot, you know. There goes Friday, running for his life to the little creek! Hullo! Hoop! Hullo!"

Then, with a rapidly of transition very foreign to his usual character, he said, in pity for his former self, "Poor boy!" and cried again.

"I wish," Scrooge muttered, putting his hand in his pocket, and looking about him, after drying his eyes with his cuff—"but it's too late now."

"What is the matter?" asked the spirit.

"Nothing," said Scrooge. "Nothing. There was a boy singing a Christmas carol at my door last night. I should like to have given him something; that's all."

The ghost smiled thoughtfully, and waved his hand, saying as it did so, "Let us see another Christmas!"

Scrooge's former self grew larger at the words, and the room became a little darker and more dirty. The panels shrank, the windows cracked; fragments of plaster fell out of the ceiling, and the naked laths were shown instead; but how all this was brought about, Scrooge knew no more than you do. He only knew that it was quite correct; that everything had happened so; that there he was, alone again, when all the other boys had gone home for the jolly holidays.

He was not reading now, but walking up and down despairingly. Scrooge looked at the ghost, and with a mournful shaking of his head, glanced anxiously towards the door.

It opened; and a little girl, much younger than the boy, came darting in, and putting her arm about his neck,

and often kissing him, addressed him as her "Dear, dear brother."

"I have come to bring you home, dear brother!" said the child, clasping her tiny hands, and bending down to laugh. "To bring you home, home, home!"

"Home, little Fan?" returned the boy.

"Yes!" said the child, brimful of glee. "Home, for good and all. Home, for ever and ever. Father is so much kinder than he used to be; that home's like heaven! He spoke so gently to me one dear night when I was going to bed, that I was not afraid to ask him once more if you might come home; and he said Yes, you should; and sent me in coach to bring you. And you're to be a man!"

"You are never to come back here; but first, we're to be together all the Christmas long, and have the merriest time in all the world."

"You are quite a woman, little Fan!" exclaimed the boy.

She clasped her hands and laughed, and tried to touch his head; but being too little, laughed again, and stood on tiptoe to embrace him. Then she began to drag him, in her childish eagerness, towards the door; and he, nothing loth to go, accompanied her.

A terrible voice in the hall cried, "Bring down Master Scrooge's box, there!" and in the hall appeared the schoolmaster himself, who glared on Master Scrooge with a ferocious contumacious, and threw him into a dreadful state of mind by shaking hands with him. He then conveyed him and his sister into the veriest old well of a shivering best-parlour that ever was seen, where the maps upon the wall, and the celestial and terrestrial globes in the windows, were waxen with cold. Here he produced a decanter of curiously light wine, and a block of curiously heavy cake, and administered instalments of those dainties to the young people; at the same time, sending out a meagre servant to offer a glass of "something" to the postboy, who answered that he thanked the gentleman, but if it was the same tap as he had tasted before, he had rather not. Master Scrooge's trunk being by this time tied on to the top of the chaise, the children bade the schoolmaster good-bye right willingly; and getting into it drove gaily down the garden-sweep: the quick wheels dashing the hoar-frost and snow from off the dark leaves of the evergreens like spray.

"Always a delicate creature, whom a breath might have withered," said the ghost. "But she had a large heart."

"So she had," cried Scrooge. "You're right. I will not grieve it, spirit. God forbid!"

"She died a woman," said the ghost, "and had, as I think, children."

"One child," Scrooge returned. "True," said the ghost. "Your nephew!"

Scrooge seemed uneasy in his mind; and answered briefly, "Yes." Although they had but that moment left the school thoroughfares of a city, where shadowy passengers passed and repassed; where shadowy carts and coaches bumbled for the way, and all the strife and tumult of a real city were. It was made plain enough, by the dressing of the shops, that here too it was Christmas time again; but it was evening, and the streets were lighted up.

The ghost stopped at a certain warehouse door, and asked Scrooge if he knew it.

"Know it?" said Scrooge. "I was apprenticed here!"

They went in. At the sight of an old gentleman in a Welsh wig, sitting behind such a high desk, that if he had been two inches taller he must have knocked his head against the ceiling, Scrooge cried in great excitement—

"Why, it's old Fezziwig! Bless his heart! it's Fezziwig alive again!"

Old Fezziwig laid down his pen, and looked up at the clock, which pointed to the hour of seven. He rubbed his hands; adjusted his capacious waistcoat; laughed all over himself, from his shoes to his organ of benevolence; and called out in a comfortable, oily, rich, fat, jovial voice—

"Yo ho, there! Ebenezer! Dick!"

Scrooge's former self, now grown a young man, came briskly in, accompanied by his fellow-prentice, "Dick Wilkins, to be sure!" said Scrooge to the ghost. "Bless me, yes. There he is. He was very much attached to me, was Dick. Poor Dick! Dear, dear!"

"Yo ho, my boys!" said Fezziwig. "No more work to-night. Christmas Eve, Dick. Christmas, Ebenezer! Let's have the shutters up!" cried old Fezziwig, with a sharp clap of his hands, "before a man can say Jack Robinson!"

You wouldn't believe how those two fellows went at it! They charged into the street with the shutters—two, three—had 'em up in their places—four, five, six—barr'd 'em and planed 'em—seven, eight, nine—and came back before you could have got to twelve, panting like race-horses.

"Hilli-ho!" cried old Fezziwig, skipping down from the high desk with wonderful agility. "Clear away, my lads, and let's have lots of room here!"

Hilli-ho, Dick! Chirrup, Ebenezer!"

Clear away! There was nothing they wouldn't have cleared away, or couldn't have cleared away, with old Fezziwig looking on. It was done in a minute. Every movable was packed off, as if it were dismissed from public life for evermore; the floor was swept and watered, the lamps were trimmed, fuel was heaped upon the fire; and the warehouse was as snug, and warm, and dry, and bright a ballroom, as you would desire to see upon a winter's night.

In came a fiddler with a music-book, and went up to the lofty desk, and made an orchestra of it, and tuned like fifty stomach-aches. In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile. In came the three Misses Fezziwig, beaming and lovable. In came the six young followers whose hearts they broke. In came all the young men and women employed in the business. In came the housemaid, with her cousin, the baker. In came the cook, with her brother's particular friend, the milkman. In came the boy from over the way, who was suspected of not having board enough from his master; trying to hide himself behind the girl from next door but one, who was proved to have had her ears pulled by her mistress. In they all came, one after another; some shyly, some boldly, some gracefully, some awkwardly, some pushing, some pulling; in they all came, anyhow and everyhow. Away they all went, twenty couples at once; hands half round and back again the other way; down the middle and up again; round and in various stages of affectionate grouping; old top couple always turning up in the wrong place; new top couples off again, as soon as they got there; all top couples at last; and not at bottom one to help them! When this result was brought about, old Fezziwig clapping his hands to stop the dance, cried out, "Well done!" and the fiddler plunged his hot face into a pot of porter, especially provided for that purpose. But scoring rest upon his reappearance, he instantly began again, though there were no dances yet, as if the other fiddler had been carried home, exhausted, on a shutter, and he were a brand-new man resolved to beat him out of sight, or perish.

There were more dances, and these were forlorn, and more dances, and there was cake, and there was negus, and there was a great piece of cold roast, and there was a great piece of cold boiled, and there were mince-pies, and plenty of beer. But the great effect of the evening came after the roast and boiled, when the fiddler (an artificial, mind! the sort of man

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When the clock struck eleven, this domestic ball broke up. Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig took their stations, one on either side the door, and shaking hands with every person individually as he or she went out, wished him or her a Merry Christmas. When everybody had retired but the two prentices, they did the same to them; and thus the cheerful voices died away, and the lads were left to their beds; which were under a counter in the back shop.

During the whole of this time, Scrooge had acted like a man out of his wits. His heart and soul were in the scene, and with his former self. He corroborated everything, remembered everything, enjoyed everything, and underwent the strangest agitation. It was not until now, when the bright faces of his former self and Dick were turned from them, that he remembered the ghost, and became conscious that it was looking full upon him, while the light upon its head burned very clear.

"A small matter," said the ghost, "to make these silly folks so full of gratitude."

"Small!" echoed Scrooge.

The spirit signed to him to listen to the two apprentices, who were pouring out their hearts in praise of Fezziwig; and when he had done so, said—

"Why! Is it not? He has spent but a few pounds of your mortal money; three or four, perhaps. Is that so much that he deserves this praise?"

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"Small!" echoed Scrooge.

"It isn't that," said Scrooge, heated by the remark, and speaking unconsciously like his former, not his latter, self. "It isn't that, spirit. He has the power to render us happy or unhappy; to make our service light or burdensome; a pleasure or a toil. Say that his power lies in words and looks; in things so slight and insignificant that it is impossible to add and count 'em up—what then? The happiness he gives is quite as great as if it cost a fortune."

He felt the spirit's glance, and stopped.

"What is the matter?" asked the ghost.

"Nothing particular," said Scrooge. "Something, I think?" the ghost insisted.

"No," said Scrooge. "No. I should like to be able to say a word or two to my clerk just now. That's all."

His former self turned down the lamps as he gave utterance to the wish; and Scrooge and the ghost again stood side by side in the open air. "My time grows short," observed the spirit. "Quick!"

This was not addressed to Scrooge, or to any one whom he could see, but it produced an immediate effect. For again Scrooge saw himself. He was older now; a man in the prime of life. He had not the harsh and rigid lines of later years; but it had begun to wear the signs of care and anxiety. There was an eager, greedy, restless motion in the eye, which showed the passion that had taken root, and where the shadow of the growing tree would fall.

He was not alone, but sat by the side of a fair young girl in mourning-dress: in whose eyes there were tears, which sparkled in the light that shone out of the Ghost of Christmas Past.

"It matters little," she said softly. "To you very little. Another idol has displaced me; and if it can cheer and comfort you in time to come, as I would have tried to do, I have no just cause to grieve."

"What idol has displaced you?" he rejoined.

"A golden one."

"This is the even-handed dealing of the world!" he said. "There is nothing on which it is so hard as poverty; and there is nothing it professes to condemn with such severity as the pursuit of wealth!"

"You fear the world too much," she answered gently. "All your other hopes have merged into the hope of being beyond the chance of its sordid reproach. I have seen your nobler aspirations fall off one by one, until the master-passion, gain, engrosses you. Have I not?"

"What then?" he retorted. "Even if I have grown so much wiser, what

then? I am not changed towards you."

She shook her head. "Our contract is an old one. It was made when we were both poor and content to be so, until, in good season, we could improve our worldly fortune by our patient industry. You are changed. When it was made, you were another man."

"I was a boy," he said impatiently. "Your own feeling tells you that you were not what you are," she returned. "I am. That which promised happiness when we were one in heart, is fraught with misery now that we are two. How often and how keenly I have thought of this, I will not say. It is enough that I have thought of it, and can release you?"

"Have I ever sought release?"

"In words? No. Never."

"In what, then?"

"In a changed nature; in an altered spirit; in another atmosphere of life; another hope as its great end. In everything that made my love of any worth or value in your sight. If this had never been between us," said the girl, looking mildly, but with steadiness upon him; "tell me, would you seek me out and try to win me now? Ah, no!"

He seemed to yield to the justice of this supposition, in spite of himself. But he said, with a struggle, "I think not."

"I would gladly think otherwise if I could," she answered. "Heaven knows! When I have learned a truth like this, I know how strong and irresistible it must be. But if you were free to-day, to-morrow, yesterday, can even I believe that you would choose a dowerless girl—who, in your very confidence with her, weigh everything by gain; or, choosing her, if for a moment you were false enough to your one guiding principle to do so, do I not know that your repentance and regret would surely follow? I do; and I release you. With a full heart, for the love of him you once were."

He was about to speak; but with her head turned from him, she resumed.

"You may—the memory of what is past half makes me hope you will—have pain in this. A very, very brief time, and you will dismiss the recollection of it, gladly, as an unprofitable dream, from which it happened well that you awoke. May you be happy in the life you have chosen!"

She left him, and they parted. "Spirit!" said Scrooge, "show me no more! Conduct me home. Why do you delight to torture me?"

(Continued on Page 14.)

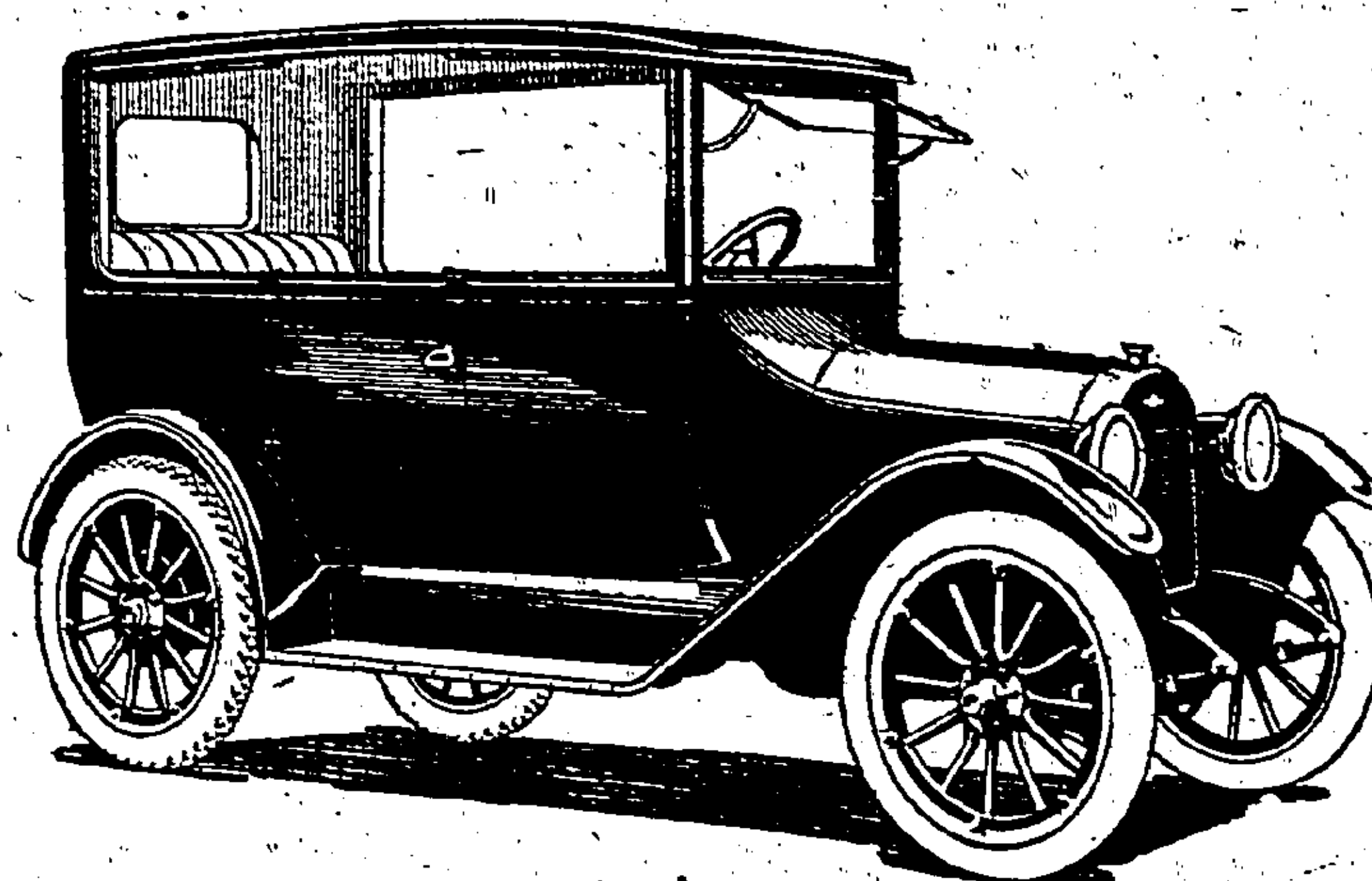
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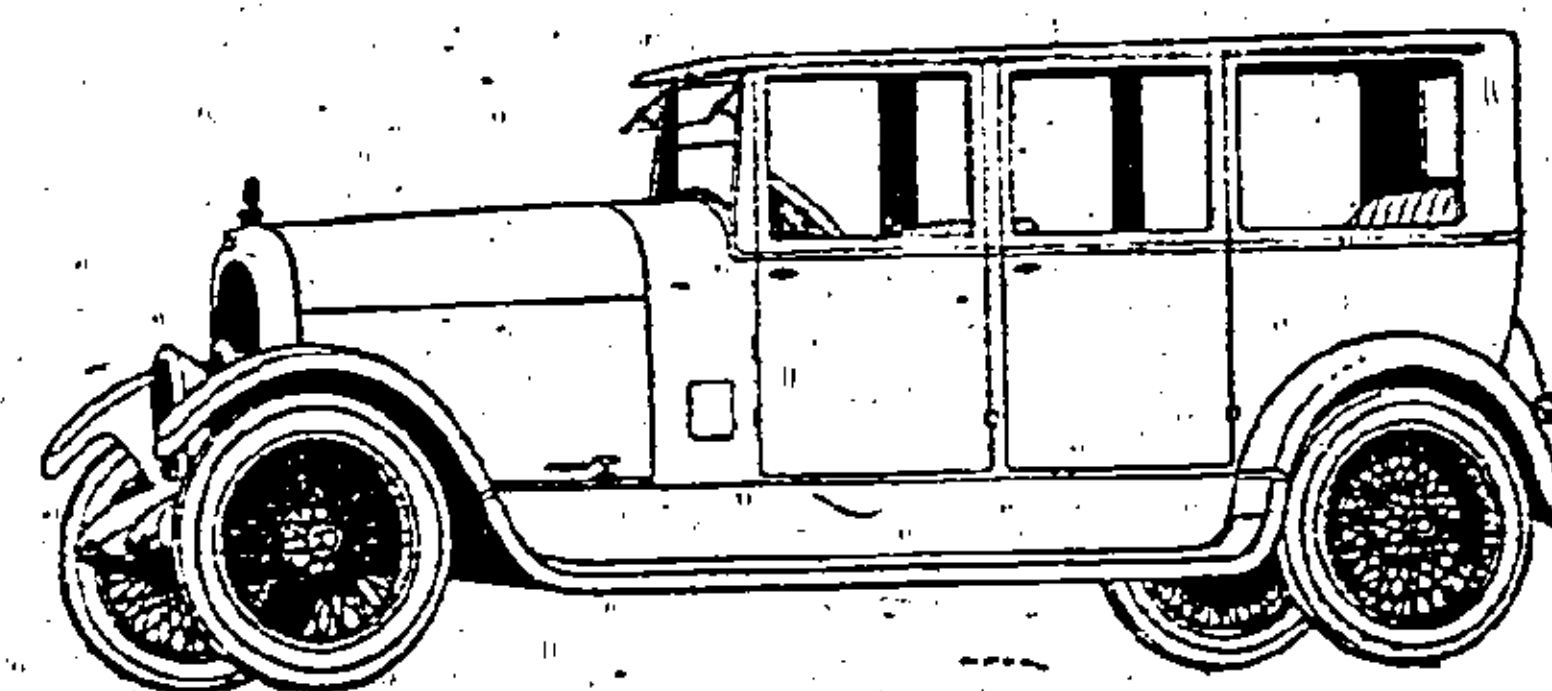
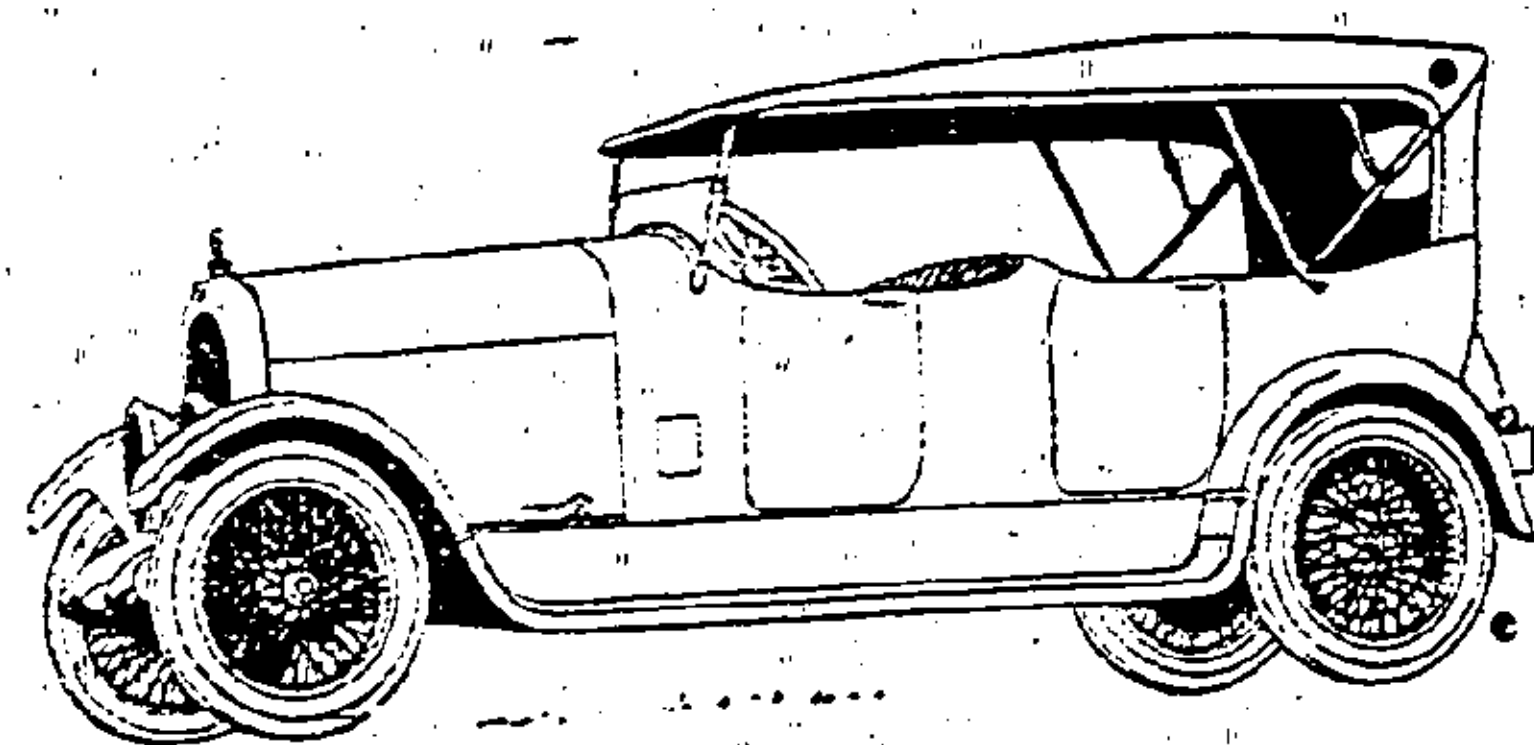
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## BE HAPPY.

(Continued from Page 12.)

"One shadow more!" exclaimed the ghost.

"No more!" cried Scrooge. "No more. I don't wish to see it. Show me no more!"

But the relentless ghost pinioned him in both his arms, and forced him to observe what happened next.

They were in another scene and place: a room, not very large or handsome, but full of comfort. Near to the winter fire sat a beautiful young girl, so like that last that Scrooge believed it was the same, until he saw her now a comely matron, sitting opposite her daughter. The noise in this room was perfectly tumultuous, for there were more children there than Scrooge in his agitated state of mind could count; and, unlike the celebrated herd in the poem, they were not forty children confining itself like fury. The consequences were uproarious beyond belief; but no one seemed to care; on the contrary, the mother and daughter laughed heartily, and enjoyed it very much; and the latter, soon beginning to mingle in the sports, got pillaged by the young brigands most ruthlessly. What would I not have given to be one of them? Though I never could have been so rude, no, no! I wouldn't for the wealth of all the world have crushed that braided hair, and torn it down; and for the precious little shoe, I wouldn't have plucked it off. God bless my soul! to save my life, as to measuring her waist in sport as they did, bold young boys! I couldn't have done it; I should have expected my arm to have grown round it for a punishment, and never come straight again. And yet I should have dearly liked, I own, to have touched her lips: to own them; to have looked upon the blush of her downcast eyes, and to have raised a blush; to have let loose waves of hair, an inch of which would be a keepsake beyond price: in short, I should have liked, I do confess, to have had the slightest license of a child, and yet to have been man enough to know its value.

But now a knocking at the door was heard, and such a rush immediately ensued that she with laughing face and plumed dress was borne towards it in the centre of a flushed and bustling group, just in time to greet the father, who came home attended by a man laden with Christmas toys and presents. Then the shouting and the struggling, and the onslaught that was made on the defenceless porter: The scaling him, with chairs for ladders, to dive into his pockets, despoil him of brown-paper parcels, hold on tight by his cravat, hug him round his neck, pommel his back, and kick his legs in irrepressible affection! The shouts of wonder and delight with which the development of every package was received! The terrible announcement that the baby had been taken in the act of putting a doll's lying-pan into his mouth, and was more than suspected of having swallowed a fictitious turkey, gloed on a wooden platter! The immense relief of finding this a false alarm! The joy, and gratitude, and ecstasy! They are all indescribable alike. It is enough that by degrees the children and their emotions got out of the parlor and by one stair at a time, up to the top of the house; where they went to bed, and so subsided.

And now Scrooge looked on more attentively than ever, when the master of the house, having his daughter leaning fondly on him, sat down with her and her mother at his own fireside; and when he thought that such another creature, quite as graceful and as full of promise, might have called him father, and been a spring-time in the haggard winter of his life, his sight grew very dim indeed.

"Belle," said the husband, turning to his wife with a smile, "I saw an old friend of yours this afternoon."

"Who was it?"

"How can I? Tut, don't I know?" she added in the same breath, laughing as he laughed. "Mr. Scrooge."

"Mr. Scrooge it was," I passed his office window; and as it was not shut up, and he had a candle inside, I could scarcely help seeing him. His partner lies upon the point of death, I hear; and here he sat alone. Quite alone in the world, I do believe."

"Spirit," said Scrooge in a broken voice, "remove me from this place."

"I told you these were shadows of the things that have been," said the ghost. "That they are what they are, do not blame me!"

"Remove me!" Scrooge exclaimed. "I cannot bear it."

He turned upon the ghost, and seeing that it looked upon him with a face in which in some strange way there were fragments of all the faces it had shown him, wrestled with it.

"Leave me!" Take me back. Haunt me no longer!"

In the struggle, if that can be called a struggle in which the ghost with no visible resistance on its own part was undisturbed by any effort of its adversary. Scrooge observed that its light was burning high and bright; and dimly connecting that with its influence over him, he seized the extinguisher-cap, and by a sudden action pressed it down upon its head.

The spirit dooped beneath it, so that the extinguisher covered its whole form; but though Scrooge pressed it down with all his force, he could not hide the light, which streamed from under it, in an unbroken flood upon the ground.

He was conscious of being exhausted, and overcome by an irresistible drowsiness; and, further, of being in his own bedroom. He gave the cap a parting squeeze, in which his hand relaxed; and had barely time to reel to bed, before he sank into a heavy sleep.

## STAVE THREE.

## THE SECOND OF THE THREE SPIRITS.

Awaking in the middle of a prodigiously tough snore, and sitting up in bed to get his thoughts together, Scrooge had no occasion to be told that the bell was again upon the stroke of one.

He felt that he was restored to consciousness in the right nick of time, for the especial purpose of holding a conference with the second messenger despatched to him through Jacob Marley's intervention. But, finding that he turned uncomfortably cold when he began to wonder which of his curtains this new spectre would draw back, he put them every one aside with his own hands, and lying down again, established a good lookout all round the bed; for he wished to challenge the spirit on the moment of its appearance, and did not wish to be taken by surprise, and made nervous.

Gentlemen of the free-and-easy sort, who plume themselves on being acquainted with a move or two, and being usually equal to the time-of-day, express the wide range of their capacity for adventure by observing that they are good for anything from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter; between which opposite extremes, no doubt, there lies a tolerably wide and comprehensive range of subjects. Without venturing for Scrooge quite as hardly as this, I don't mind calling on you to believe that he was ready for a good broad field of strange appearances, and that nothing between a baby and a rhinoceros would have astonished him very much.

Now, being prepared for almost anything, he was not by any means prepared for nothing; and, consequently, when the bell struck one, and no shape appeared, he was taken with a violent fit of trembling. Five minutes ten minutes, a quarter of an hour went by, yet nothing came. All this time, he lay upon his bed, the very core and centre of a blaze of ruddy light, which streamed upon it when the clock proclaimed the hour; and which, being only light, was more alarming than a dozen ghosts, as he

was powerless to make out what it meant, or would be at; and was sometimes apprehensive that he might be at that very moment an interesting case of spontaneous combustion, without having the consolation of knowing it. At last, however, he began to think as you or I would have thought at first; for it is always the person not in the predicament who knows what ought to have been done in it, and would unquestionably have done it too—at last I say, he began to think that the source and secret of this ghostly light might be in the adjoining room, from whence, on further tracing it, it seemed to shine. This idea taking full possession of his mind he got up softly and shuffled in his slippers to the door.

The moment Scrooge's hand was on the lock, a strange voice called him by his name, and bade him enter. He obeyed.

It was his own room. There was no doubt about that. But it had undergone a surprising transformation. The walls and ceiling were so hung with living green, that it looked a perfect grove; from every part of which, bright gleaming berries glistened. The crisp leaves of holly, mistletoe, and ivy reflected back the light, as if so many little mirrors had been scattered there; and such a mighty blaze went roaring up the chimney, as that dull petrification of a hearth had never known in Scrooge's time, or Marley's, or for many and many a winter season gone. Heaped up on the floor, to form a kind of throne, were turkeys, geese, game, poultry, brawn, great joints of meat, sucking-pigs, long wreaths of sausages, mince-pies, plum-puddings, barrels of oysters, red-hot chestnuts, cherry-cheeked apples, juicy oranges, luscious pears, immense twelfth-cakes, and seething bowls of punch, that made the chamber dim with their delicious steam. In easy state upon this couch, there sat a jolly giant, glorious to see; who bore a glowing torch, in shape not unlike Plenty's horn, and held it up, high up, to shed its light on Scrooge, as he came peeping round the door.

"Come in!" exclaimed the ghost. "Come in! and know me better, man!"

Scrooge entered timidly, and hung his head before this spirit. He was not the dogged Scrooge he had been; and though the spirit's eyes were clear and kind, he did not like to meet them.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Present," said the spirit. "Look upon me!"

Scrooge reverently did so. It was clothed in one simple, deep-green robe, or mantle, bordered with white fur. This garment hung so loosely on the figure, that its capacious breast was bare, as if its dictatorial hand were pointing to the sky for support. The

sky was gloomy, and the shortest streets were choked up with a dingy mist, half thawed, half frozen, whose heavier particles descended, in a shower of sooty atoms, as if all the chimneys in Great Britain had, by one consent, caught fire, and were blazing away to their dear hearts' content. There was nothing very cheerful in the climate or the town, and yet there was an air of cheerfulness abroad that the clearest summer air and brightest summer sun might have endeavored to diffuse in vain.

For the people who were shovelling away on the house-tops were jovial and full of glee, calling out to one another from the parapets, and now and then exchanging a facetious snowball—better-natured missile far than many a wordy jest—laughing heartily if it went right, and not less heartily if it went wrong.

The poulterers' shops were still half open, and the fruiterers' were radiant in their glory. There were great, round, pot-bellied baskets of chestnuts, shaped like the waistcoats of jolly old gentlemen, lolling at the doors, and tumbling out into the street in their apoplectic opulence.

There were ruddy, brown-faced, broad-girthed Spanish onions, shining in the famess of their growth like Spanish friars, and winking from their shelves in wanton slyness at the girls as they went by; and glanced demurely at the hung-up mistletoe. There were pears and apples, clustered high in blooming pyramids; there were bunches of grapes, made, in the shopkeepers' benevolence, to dangle from conspicuous hooks, that people's mouths might water gratis, as they passed; here were piles of filberts, mossy and brown, recalling, in their fragrance, ancient walks among the woods, and pleasant shufflings ankle-deep through withered leaves; there were Norfolk biffins, squab and swarthy, setting off the yellow of the oranges and lemons, and, in the great compactness of their juicy persons, urgently entreating and beseeching to be carried home in paper-bags and eaten after dinner. The very gold and silver fish, set forth among these fruits in a bowl, though members of a dull and stagnant-blooded race, appeared to know that there was something going on; and, to a fish, went gasping round and round their little world in slow and passionless excitement.

The grocers' oh, the grocers'! nearly closed, with perhaps two shutters down, or one; but through those gaps such glimpses! It was not alone that the scales descending on the counter made a merry sound, or that the twine and roller parted company so briskly, or that the canisters were rattled up and down like juggling tricks, and coffee were so grateful to the

nose, or even that the raisins were so plentiful and rare, the almonds so extremely white, the sticks of cinnamon so long and straight, the other spices so delicious, the candied fruits so caked and spotted with molten sugar, as to make the coldest lookers-on feel faint and subsequently bilious. No, it was that the French plants blushed in modest tartness from their highly-decorated boxes, or that everything was good to eat and in its Christmas dress. But the customers were all so hurried and so eager in the hopeful promise of the day, that they tumbled up against each other at the door, crashing their wicker baskets wildly, and left their purchases upon the counter, and came running back to fetch them, and committed hundreds of the like mistakes, in the best humour possible; while the grocer and his people were so frank and fresh that they fastened their aprons behind might have been their own worn outside for general inspection, and for Christmas daws to peck at if they chose.

But soon the steeples called good people all to church and chapel, and away they came, flocking through the streets in their best clothes, and with their gayest faces. And at the same time there emerged from scores of by-streets, lanes, and nameless turnings, innumerable people, carrying their dinners to the "bakers' shops." The sight of these poor revellers appeared to interest the spirit very much. For he stood with Scrooge beside him in a baker's doorway, and taking off the covers as their bearers passed, sprinkled incense on their dinners from his torch. And it was a very uncommon kind of torch, for once or twice when there were angry words between some dinner-carriers who had jostled each other, he shed a few drops of water on them from it, and their good-humour was restored directly. For they said, it was a shame to quarrel upon Christmas Day. And so it was! God love it, so it was!

In time the bells ceased, and the bakers' were shut up; and yet there was a genial shadowing forth of all these dinners and the progress of their cooking, in the thawed blotch of wet above each baker's oven; where the pavement smoked as if its stones were cooking too.

"Is there a peculiar flavour in what you sprinkle from your torch?" asked Scrooge.

"There is," My own.

"Would it apply to any kind of dinner on this day?" asked Scrooge.

"To any kindly given. To a poor one most."

(Continued on Page 16.)

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# NEW YEAR

**FESTIVE SEASON**

**"HORSE"**

**"TASHEE"**

**"SZEHEE"**

**"GOLDEN HORSE"**

**YULE TIDE**

**"GLOBE"**

**"RAVEN"**



(Continued from Page 14.)

"Why to a poor one most?" asked Scrooge.

"Because it needs it most."

"Spirit," said Scrooge, after a moment's thought, "I wonder you, of all the beings in the many worlds about us, should desire to cramp these people's opportunities of innocent enjoyment."

"It" cried the spirit.

"You would deprive them of their means of drink every seventh day, often the only day on which they can be said to dine at all," said Scrooge.

"Wouldn't you?"

"I," cried the spirit.

"You seek to close these places on the seventh day?" said Scrooge.

"And it comes to the same thing."

"I seek!" exclaimed the spirit.

"Forgive me if I am wrong. It has been done in your name, or at least in that of your family," said Scrooge.

"There are some upon this earth of yours," returned the spirit, "who lay claim to know us, and who do their deeds of passion, pride, ill-will, hatred, envy, bigotry, and selfishness in our name, who are as strange to us and all our kind and kin, as if they had never lived. Remember that, and charge their doings on themselves, not us."

Scrooge promised that he would; and they went on, invisible, as they had been before, into the suburbs of the town. It was a remarkable quality of the ghost (which Scrooge had observed at the baker's) that, notwithstanding his gigantic size, he could accommodate himself to any place with ease; and that he stood beneath a low roof quite as gracefully and like a supernatural creature, as it was possible he could have done in any lofty hall.

And perhaps it was the pleasure the good spirit had in showing off his power of his, or else it was his own kind, generous, hearty nature, and his sympathy with all poor men, that led him straight to Scrooge's clerk's; for there he went, and took Scrooge with him, holding to his robe; and on the threshold of the door the spirit smiled, and stopped to bless Bob Cratchit's dwelling with the sprinklings of his torch. Think of that! Bob had but fifteen "Bob" a week himself; he pocketed on Saturdays but fifteen copies of his Christian name; and yet the Ghost of Christmas Present blessed his four-roomed house!

Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are, cheap and make a

goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and letting the corners of his monstrous shirt-collar (Bob's private property conferred upon his son and heir in honour of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable parks. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's, they had smelled the goose, and known it for their own; and basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table, and excited Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although his collar nearly choked him) blew the fire, until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan-lid to be let out and peeled.

"What has ever got your precious father then?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim? And Martha warn't as late last Christmas Day by half an hour."

"Here's Martha, mother," said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's such a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are," said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her with officious zeal.

"We'd a deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, mother!"

"Well! Never mind so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye!"

"No, no," there's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame:

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob, with a sudden declension in his high spirits: for he had been Tim's blood-horse all the way from church and had come home rampant. "Not coming upon Christmas Day!"

Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke: so she

came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper."

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit; when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple; and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken. escorted by his brother and sister to his stool beside the fire; and while Bob, turning up his cuffs—as if, poor fellow, they were capable of being made more shabby—compounded some hot mixture in a jug, with gin and lemons, and stirred; Master Peter and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course—and in truth it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (blessed be!) from a little saucepan (holding not; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigour; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple-sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest their turn came, to be helped. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and young Cratchits, beat on the table even Tiny Tim, excited by the two the young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried Hurrah!

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever

things such as goose cooked. Its tenderness, a d'laivour, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by apple-sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't ate it all at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular, were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows! But now the plates being changed by Miss Betinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone—too nervous to bear witnesses—to take the pudding up, and bring it in.

“Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back-yard, and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose—a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid! In All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hollo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastrycook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered—flushed, but smiling proudly—with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half a quartern of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted, and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovell of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass. Two tumblers, and a custard-cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden burning looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed:—

"A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"

Which all the family re-echoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

He sat very close to his father's side, upon his little stool. Bob held his withered little hand in his, as if he loved the child, and wished to keep him by his side, and dreaded that he might be taken from him.

"Spirit," said Scrooge, with an interest he had never felt before, "tell me if Tiny Tim will live."

"I see a vacant seat," replied the ghost, "in the poor chimney-corner, and a crutch without an owner, carefully preserved. If these shadows remain unaltered by the future, the child will die."

"No, no," said Scrooge. "Oh, no, kind spirit! say he will be spared!"

"If these shadows remain unaltered by the future, none other of my race," returned the ghost, "will find him here. What then? If he be like to die, he had better do it, and decrease the surplus population."

Scrooge hung his head to hear his own words quoted by the spirit, and was overcome with penitence and grief.

"Man," said the ghost—"if man you be in heart, not adamant—forebear that wicked cant until you have discovered what the surplus is, and where it is. Will you decide what men shall live, what men shall die? It may be, that in the sight of Heaven, you are more worthless and less fit to live than millions like this poor man's child.—O God! to hear the insect on the leaf pronouncing on the too much life among his hungry brothers in the dust!"

Scrooge bent before the ghost's rebuke, and, trembling, cast his eyes upon the ground. But he raised them speedily, on hearing his own name.

"Mr. Scrooge," said Bob; "I'll give you Mr. Scrooge, the founder of the feast!"

"The founder of the feast indeed!" cried Mrs. Cratchit, reddeening. "I wish I had him here. I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast upon, and I hope he'd have a good appetite for it."

"My dear," said Bob, "the children! Christmas Day."

"It should be Christmas Day, I am sure," said she, "on which one drinks the health of such an odious, stingy, hard, unfeeling man as Mr. Scrooge. You know he is, Robert! Nobody knows it better than you do, poor fellow!"

"My dear," was Bob's mild answer, "Christmas Day."

"I'll drink his health for your sake and the day's," said Mrs. Cratchit, "not for his. Long life to him! A Merry Christmas and a Happy New

"I fear! He'll be very merry and very happy, I have no doubt!"

The children drank the toast after her. It was the first of their proceedings which had no heartiness in it. Tiny Tim drank it last of all, but he didn't care renounce for it. Scrooge was the ogre of the family. The mention of his name cast a dark shadow on the party, which was not dispelled for full five minutes.

After it had passed away, they were ten times merrier than before, from the mere relief of Scrooge the Baleful being done with. Bob Cratchit told them how he had a situation in his eye for Master Peter, which would bring in, it obtained, full five-and-sixpence weekly. The two young Cratchits laughed tremendously at the idea of Peter's being a man of business; and Peter himself looked thoughtfully at the fire from between his collars, as if he were deliberating what particular investments he should favour when he came into the receipt of that beseeching income. Martha, who was a poor apprentice at a milliner's, then told them what kind of work she had to do, and how many hours she worked at a stretch, and now she meant to lie abed to-morrow morning, for a good long rest; to-morrow being a holiday she passed at home. Also, how she had seen a countess and lord some days before, and how the lord "was much about as tall as Peter"; at which Peter pulled up his collars so high that you couldn't have seen his head if you had been there. All this time the chestnuts and the jug went round and round: and by and by they had a song, about a lost child travelling in the snow, from Tiny Tim, who had a plaintive little voice, and sang very well indeed.

There was nothing of high mark in this. They were not a handsome family; they were not well dressed; their shoes were far from being water-proof; their clothes were scanty; and Peter might have known, and very likely did, the inside of a pawnbroker's. But they were happy, grateful, pleased with one another, and contented with the time, and when they faded, and looked happier yet in the bright sprinklings of the spirit's torch at parting, Scrooge had his eye upon them, and especially on Tiny Tim, until the last.

But this time it was getting dark, and snowing pretty heavily; and as Scrooge and the spirit went along the streets, the brightness of the rearing fires in kitchens, parlours, and all sorts of rooms, was wonderful. Here and there the flickering of the blaze showed preparations for a cosy dinner, with hot plates baking through and through before the fire, and deep red curtains ready to be drawn to shut out cold and darkness. There, all the children of

the house were running out into the snow to meet their married sisters, brothers, cousins, uncles, aunts, and to be the first to greet them. Here, again, were shadows on the window-blind of guests assembling; and there a group of handsome girls, all hooded and fur-booted, and all chattering at once, tripped lightly off to some neighbour's house; where, woe upon the single man who saw them enter—artful witches, well they knew it—in a glow!

But, if you had judged from the numbers of people on their way to friendly gatherings, you might have thought that no one was at home to give them welcome when they got there, instead of every house exporting company, and piling up its fire half chimney high. Blessings on the how the ghost exulted! How it bared its breast of breast, and opened its capacious palm, and floated on, outpouring, with a generous hand, its bright and harmless mirth on every thing within its reach! The very lamplighter, who ran on before, dotting the dusky street with specks of light, and who was dressed to spend the evening somewhere, laughed out loud as the spirit passed, though little he knew the lamplighter that he had any company but Christmas!

And now, without a word of warning from the ghost, they stood upon bleak and desert moor, where monstrous masses of rude stone were cast about, as though it were the burial place of giants; and water spread itsself wherever it listed, or would have done so, but for the frost that held it prisoner; and nothing grew but moss and furze, and coarse, rank grass. Down in the west the setting sun had left a streak of fiery red, which glared upon the desolation like an instant, like a sudden eye, and now, lowering, lower, lower yet, was lost in the thick gloom of darkness and night.

"What place is this?" asked Scrooge.

"A place where miners live, who labour in the bowels of the earth," returned the spirit. "But they know me. See!"

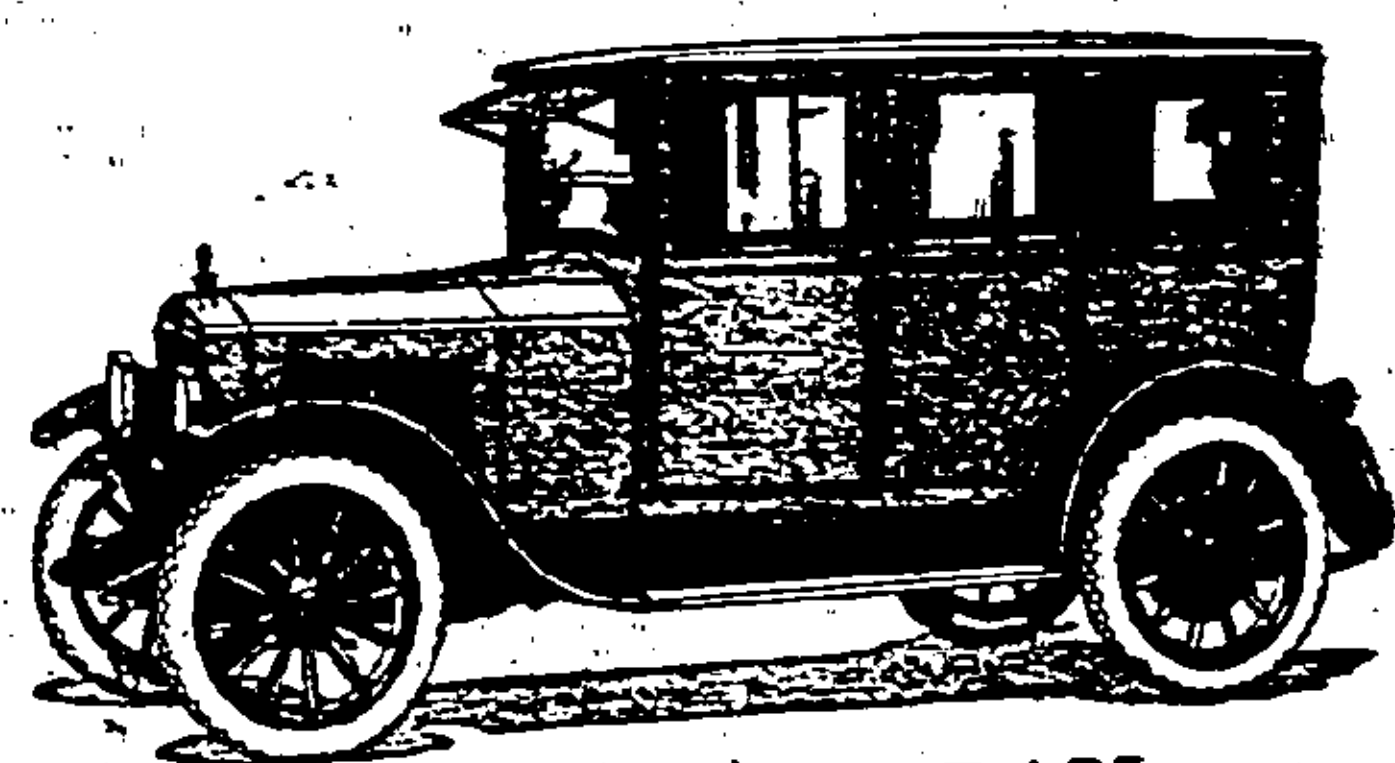
A light shone from the window of a hut, and swiftly they advanced towards it. Passing through the waste of mud and stone, they found a cheerful company assembled round a glowing fire. An old, old man and woman, with their children and their children's children, and another generation beyond that, all decked out gaily in their holiday attire. The old man, in a voice that seldom rose above the howling of the wind upon the barren waste, was singing them a Christmas song—it had been a very old song when he was a boy—and

(Continued on Page 18.)

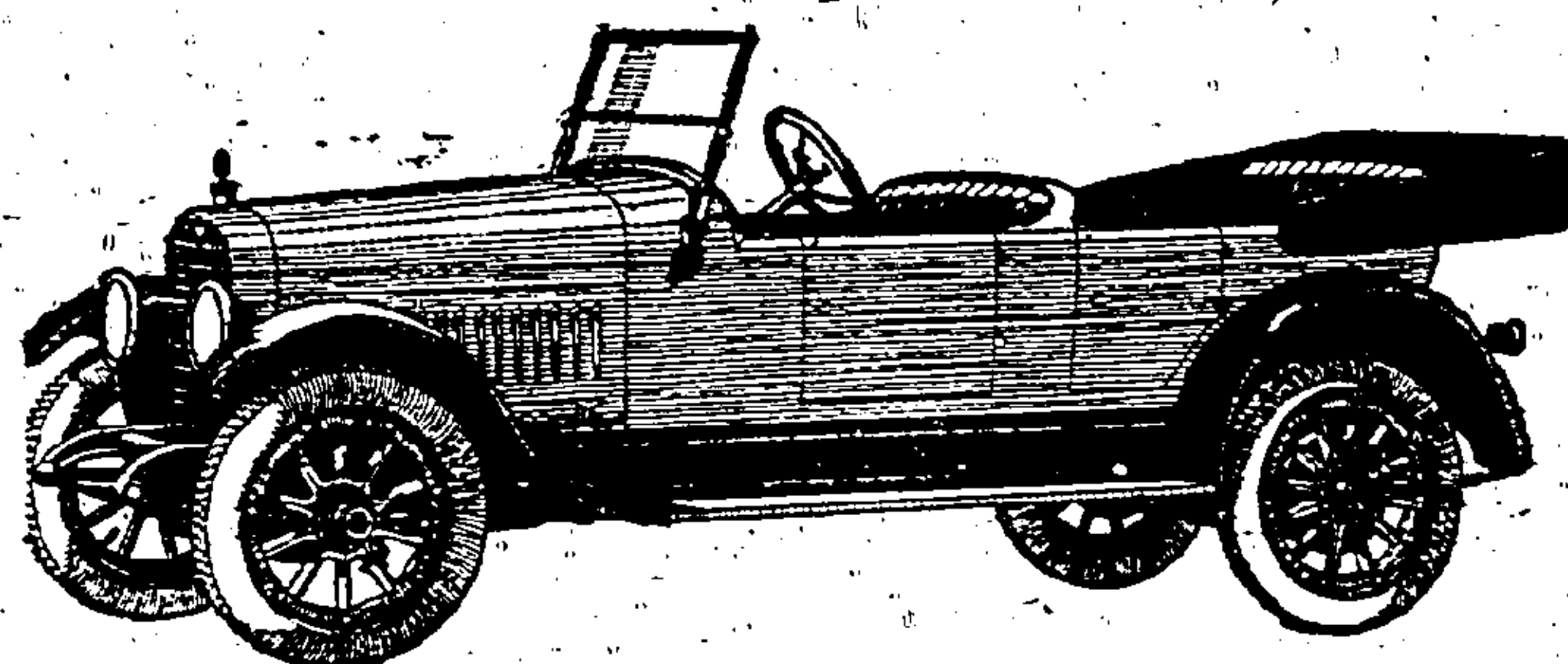
# NOTHING BUT XMAS BARGAINS



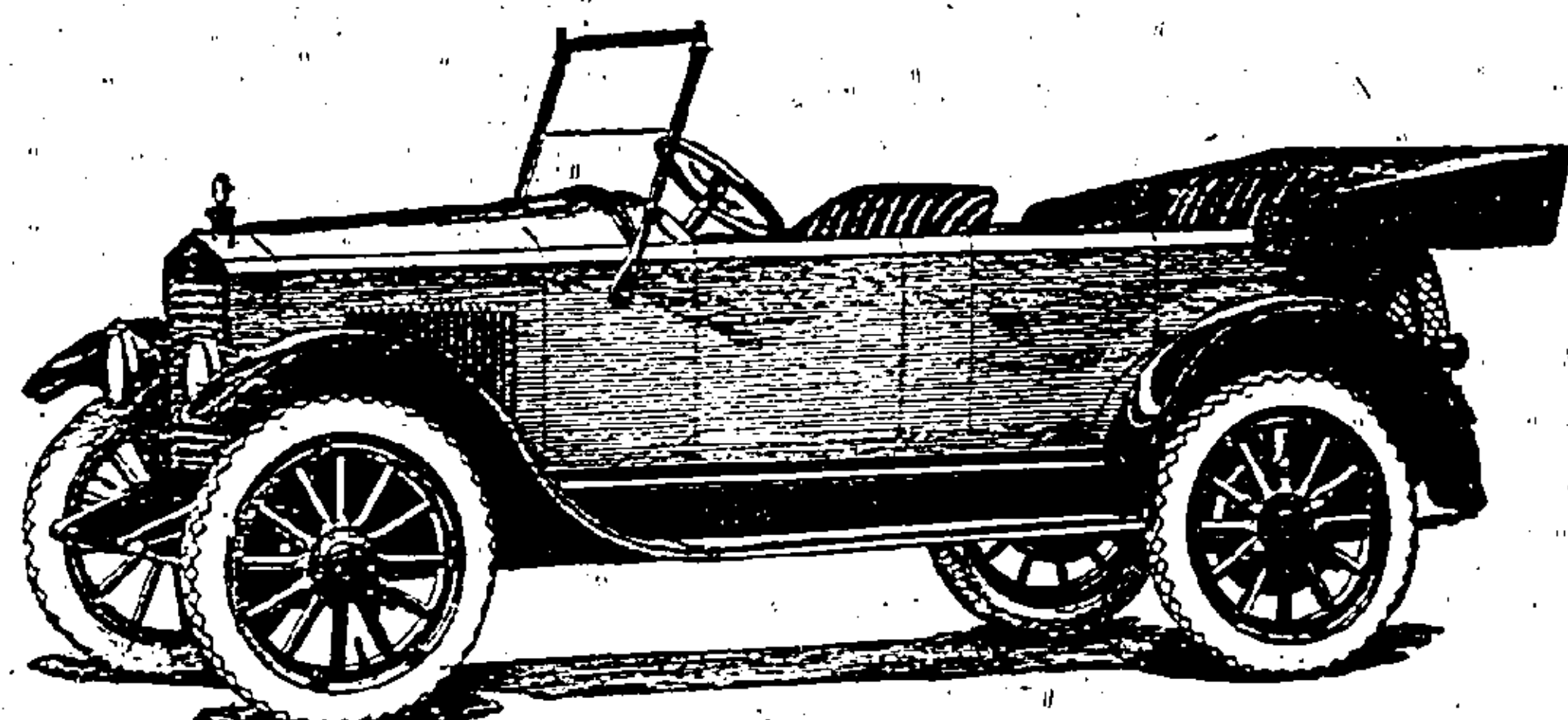
# ANNOUNCEMENT



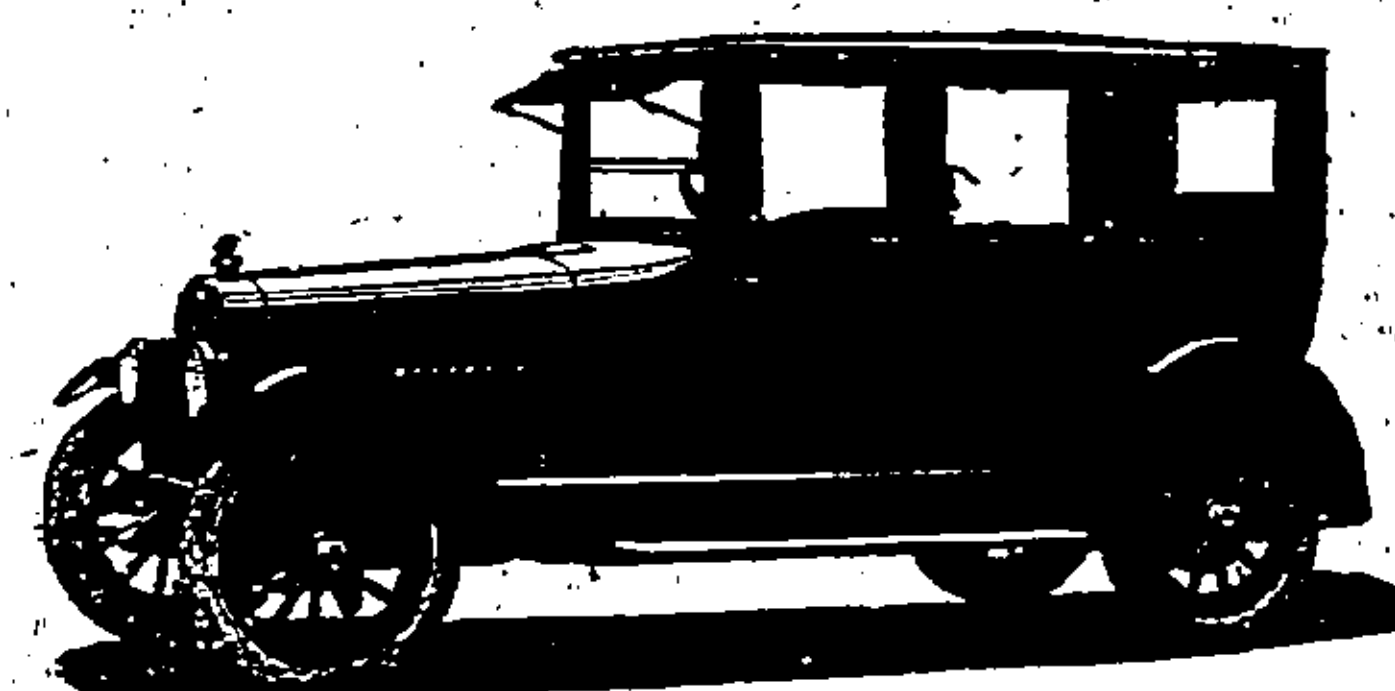
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## BE HAPPY.

(Continued from Page 16.)

From time to time they all joined in the chorus. So surely as they raised their voices, the old man got quite blue and loud; and so surely as they stopped, his vigour sank again.

The spirit did not tarry here, but faded Scrooge held his robe, and passing on above the moor, sped—whither? Not to sea? To sea. To Scrooge's horror, looking back, he saw the last of the land, a frightful range of rocks, behind them; and his ears were deafened by the thundering of water, as it rolled, and roared, and raged among the dreadful caverns it had worn, and fiercely tried to undermine the earth.

Build upon a dismal reef of sunken rock, some league or so from shore, on which the waters chafed and dashed the wild year through, there stood a solitary lighthouse. Great faggots of sea-weed clung to its base, and soot-bins—born of the wind one might suppose, as sea-weed of the water—rose and fell about it, like the waves they skimmed.

But even here, two men who watched the light had made a fire, that through the loophole in the thick stone wall shed out a ray of brightness on the awful sea. Joining their front hands over the rough table at which they sat, they wished each other Merry Christmas in their can of grog; and one of them—the elder, too, with his face all damaged and scarred with hard weather, as the figure-head of an old ship might be—struck up a sturdy song that was like a gale in itself.

Again the ghost sped on, above the black and heaving sea—on, on—until, being far away, as he told Scrooge, from any shore, they lighted on a ship. They stood beside the helmsman at the wheel, the look-out in the bow, the officers who had the watch; dark, ghostly figures in their several stations; but every man among them hummed a Christmas tune, or had a Christmas thought, or spoke below his breath to his companion of some bygone Christmas Day, with homeward hopes belonging to it. And every man on board, waking or sleeping, good or bad, had had a kinder word for another on that day than on any day in the year; and had shared to some extent in its festivities; and had remembered those he cared for at a distance, and had known that they delighted to remember him.

It was a great surprise to Scrooge, while listening to the moaning of the wind, and thinking what a solemn thing it was to move on through the lonely darkness over an unknown

abyss, whose depths were secrets as profound as death—it was a great surprise to Scrooge, while thus engaged, to hear a hearty laugh. It was a much greater surprise to Scrooge to recognise it as his own nephew's, and to find himself in a bright, dry, gleaming room, with the spirit standing smiling by his side, and looking at that same nephew with approving affability!

"Ha, ha!" laughed Scrooge's nephew. "Ha, ha, ha!"

If you should happen, by any chance, to know a man more blessed in a laugh than Scrooge's nephew, all I can say is, I should like to know him too. Introduce him to me, and I'll cultivate his acquaintance.

It is a fair, even-handed, noble adjustment of things, that while there is infection in disease and sorrow, there is nothing in the world so irresistibly contagious as laughter and good-humour. When Scrooge's nephew laughed in this way—holding his sides, rolling his head, and twisting his face into the most extravagant contortions—Scrooge's niece, by marriage, laughed as heartily as he. And their assembled friends being not a bit behindhand, roared out lustily.

"Ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"He said that Christmas was a humbug, as I live!" cried Scrooge's nephew. "He believed it, too!"

"More shame for him, Fred!" said Scrooge's niece indignantly. Bless those women; they never do anything by halves. They are always in earnest.

She was very pretty—exceedingly pretty. With a dimpled, surprised-looking, capital face; a ripe little mouth, that seemed made to be kissed—as no doubt it was; all kinds of good little dots about her chin, that melted into one another when she laughed; and the sunniest pair of eyes you ever saw in any little creature's head. Altogether she was what you would have called provoking, you know; but satisfactory, too. Oh, perfectly satisfactory.

"He's a comical old fellow," said Scrooge's nephew. "That's the truth; and not so pleasant as he might be. However, his offences carry their own punishment; and I have nothing to say against him."

"I'm sure he is very rich, Fred," hinted Scrooge's niece. "At least, you always tell me so."

"What of that, my dear?" said Scrooge's nephew. "His wealth is of no use to him. He don't do any good with it. He don't make himself comfortable with it. He hasn't the satisfaction of thinking—ha, ha—that he is ever going to benefit us with it."

"I have no patience with him," observed Scrooge's niece. Scrooge's

niece's sisters, and all the other ladies, expressed the same opinion.

"Oh, I have!" said Scrooge's nephew. "I am sorry for him; I couldn't be angry with him if I tried. Who suffers by his ill whims. Himself, always. Here, he takes it into his head to dislike us, and he won't come and dine with us. What's the consequence? He don't lose much of a dinner."

"Indeed, I think he loses a very good dinner," interrupted Scrooge's niece. "Everybody else said the same, and they must be allowed to have been competent judges, because they had just had dinner; and, with the dessert upon the table, were clustered round the fire, by lamplight."

"Well! I am very glad to hear it," said Scrooge's nephew; "because I haven't any great faith in these young housekeepers. What do you say, Topper?"

Topper had clearly got his eye upon one of Scrooge's niece's sisters, for he answered that a bachelor was a wretched outcast, who had no right to express an opinion on the subject. Whereat Scrooge's niece's sister—plump one with the lace tucker, not the one with the roses—blushed; "Do go on, Fred," said Scrooge's niece, clapping her hands. "He never finishes what he begins to say; he is such a ridiculous fellow!"

Scrooge's nephew revelled in another laugh, and as it was impossible to keep the infection off—though the plump sister tried hard to do it with an ardent vinegar—his example was unanimously followed.

"I was only going to say," said Scrooge's nephew, "that the consequence of his taking a dislike to us, and not making merry with us, is, as I think, that he loses some pleasant moments, which could do him no harm. I am sure he loses pleasant moments, till he dies, but he can't help thinking better of it—I defy him—if he finds me going there, in good temper, year after year, and saying, 'Uncle Scrooge, how are you? If it only puts him in the vein to leave his poor clerk fifty pounds, that's something; and I think I shook him, yesterday.'"

It was their turn to laugh now, at the notion of his shaking Scrooge. But being thoroughly good-natured, and not much caring what they laughed at, so that they laughed at any rate, he encouraged them in their merriment, and passed the bottle joyously.

After tea, they had some music.

For they were a musical family, and knew what they were about, when they sang a glee or catch. I can assure you: especially Topper, who could growl away in the bass like a good one, and never swell the large veins in his forehead, or get red in the face over it. Scrooge's niece played well upon the harp; and played among other tunes a simple little air (a mere nothing; you might learn to whistle it in two minutes), which had been familiar to the child who fetched Scrooge from the boarding-school, as he had been reminded by the Ghost of Christmas Past. When this strain of music sounded, all the things that ghost had shown him, came upon his mind: he softened more and more; and thought that if he could have listened to it often, years ago, he might have cultivated the kindnesses of life for his own happiness with his own hands, without resorting to the sexton's spade that buried Jacob Marley.

But they didn't devote the whole evening to music. After a while they played at forfeits; for it is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas; when its mighty Founder was a child himself. Stop! There was first a game at blindman's-buff. Of course, there was. And I no more believe Topper was really blind than I believe he had eyes in his boots. My opinion is, that it was a done thing between him and Scrooge's nephew; and that the Ghost of Christmas Present knew it. The way he went after that plump sister in the lace tucker, was an outrage on the credulity of human nature. Knocking down the fire-irons, tumbling over the chairs, bumping up against the piano, smothering himself among the curtains, wherever she went, there went he! He always knew where the plump sister was. He wouldn't catch anybody else. If you had fallen on purpose, he would have made a feint endeavouring to seize you, which would have been an affront to your understanding, and would instantly have sidled off in the direction of the plump sister. She often cried out that it wasn't fair; and it really was not. But when at last he caught her—when, in spite of all her silken rustlings, and her rapid flutterings past him, he got her into a corner whence there was no escape—then his conduct was the most execrable. For his pretending not to know her—his pretending that it was necessary to touch her head-dress, and further to assure himself of her identity by pressing a certain ring upon her finger, and a certain chain about her neck—was vile, monstrous! No doubt she told him her opinion of it, when, another blindman being in office, they were so very confidential together, behind the curtains.

Scrooge's niece was not one of the blindman's-buff party, but was made comfortable with a large chair and a footstool, in a snug corner, where the ghost and Scrooge were close behind her. But she joined in the forfeits, and loved her love to admiration with all the letters of the alphabet. Likewise at the game of How, When, and Where, she was very great, and so did Scrooge; for, wholly forgetting in the interest he had in what was going on, that his voice made no sound in their ears, he sometimes came out with his guesses quite loud, and very often guessed right, too; for the sharpest needle, best Whitechapel, warranted not to cut in the eye; was not sharper than Scrooge; blunt as he took it in his head to be.

The ghost was greatly pleased to find him in this mood, and looked upon him with such favour, that he begged, like a boy to be allowed to stay until the guests departed. But this the spirit said could not be done.

"Here is a new game," said Scrooge. "One half-hour, spirit, only one!"

It was a game called Yes and No, where Scrooge's nephew had to think of something, and the rest must find out what; he only answering to their questions yes or no, as the case was. The brisk fire of questioning to which he was exposed, elicited from him that he was thinking of an animal, a live animal, rather a disagreeable animal, a savage animal, an animal that growled and grunted sometimes, and talked sometimes, and in London, and walked about the streets, and wasn't made a show of, and wasn't led by anybody, and didn't live in a menagerie, and was never killed in a market, and was not a horse; or an ass, or a cow, or a bull, or a tiger, or a dog, or a pig, or a cat, or a bear. At every fresh question that was put to him, this nephew burst into a fresh roar of laughter; and was so inexpressibly tickled, that he was obliged to get up off the sofa and stamp. At last the plump sister, falling into a similar state, cried out—

"I have found it out! I know what it is, Fred! I know what it is!"

"What is it?" cried Fred.

"It's your uncle Scrooge-o-o-o!"

Which it certainly was. Admiration was the universal sentiment, though some objected that the reply to "Is it a bear?" ought to have been "Yes"; inasmuch as an answer in the negative was sufficient to have diverted their thoughts from Mr. Scrooge, supposing they had ever had any tendency that way.

"He has given us plenty of merriment, I am sure," said Fred, "and it would be ungrateful not to drink his health. Here is a glass of mulled wine ready to our hand at the moment; and I say, 'Uncle Scrooge!'"

"Well! Uncle Scrooge!" they cried.

"A Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year to the old man, whatever he is!" said Scrooge's nephew. "He wouldn't take it from me, but may he have it, nevertheless. Uncle Scrooge!"

Uncle Scrooge had imperceptibly become so gay and light of heart, that he would have pledged the unconscious company in return, and thanked them in an inaudible speech, if the ghost had given him time. But the whole scene passed off in the breath of the last word spoken by his nephew; and he and the spirit were again upon their travels.

Much they saw, and far they went, and many homes they visited, but always with a happy end. The spirit stood beside sick-beds, and they were cheerful; on foreign lands, and they were close at home; by struggling men, and they were patient in their greater hope; by poverty, and it was rich. In almshouse, hospital, and jail, in misery's every refuge, where vain man in his little brief authority had not made fast the door, and barred the spirit out, he left his blessing, and taught Scrooge his precepts.

It was a long night, if it were only a night; but Scrooge had his doubts as to this, because the Christmas holidays appeared to be condensed into the space of time they passed together. It was strange, too, that while Scrooge remained unaltered in his outward form, the ghost grew older, clearly older. Scrooge had observed this change, but never spoke of it, until they left a children's Twelfth Night party, when, looking at the spirit as they stood together in an open space, he noticed that its hair was gray.

"Are spirits' lives so short?" asked Scrooge.

"My life upon this globe is very brief," replied the ghost. "It ends to-night."

"To-night?" cried Scrooge.

"To-night at mid-night. Mark! The time is drawing near."

The chiming were ringing the three-quarters-past eleven at that moment.

"Forgive me if I am not justified in what I ask," said Scrooge, looking intently at the spirit's robe, "but I see something strange, and not belonging to yourself, protruding from your skirts. Is it a foot or a claw?"

"It might be a claw, for the flesh there is upon it," was the spirit's sorrowful reply. "Look here."

From the foldings of its robe, it brought two children; wretched, ab-

ject, frightful, hideous, miserable. They knelt down at its feet, and clung upon the outside of its garment.

"Oh, man! look here! Look, look, down here!" exclaimed the ghost.

They were a boy and girl. Yellow, meagre, ragged, scowling, wolfish; but prostrate, too, in their humility. Where graceful youth should have filled their features out, and touched them with its freshest tints, a stale and shrivelled hand, like that of age, had pinched and twisted them, and pulled them into shreds. Where angels might have sat enthroned, devils lurked, and glared out menacing. No change, no degradation, no perversion of humanity, in any grade, through all the mysteries of wonderful creation, has monsters half so horrible and dread.

Scrooge started back, appalled. Having them shown to him in this way, he tried to say they were fine children, but the words choked themselves, rather than be parties to a lie of such enormous magnitude.

"Spirit! are they yours?" Scrooge could say no more.

"They are man's," said the spirit, looking down upon them. "And they cling to me, appealing from their fathers. This girl is Ignorance. This girl is Want. Beware them both, and all of their degree, but most of all beware this boy, for on his brow I see that written which is Doom, unless the writing be erased. Deny it!" cried the spirit, stretching out its hand towards the city. "Slander those who tell it ye! Admit it for your factions' purposes, and make it worse! And bide the end!"

"Have they no refuge or resource?" cried Scrooge.

"Are there no prisons?" said the spirit, turning on him for the last time with his own words. "Are there no workhouses?"

The bell struck twelve.

Scrooge looked about for the ghost, and saw it not. As the last stroke ceased to vibrate, he remembered the prediction of old Jacob Marley, and lifting up his eyes, beheld a solemn phantom, draped and hooded, coming, like a mist along the ground towards him.

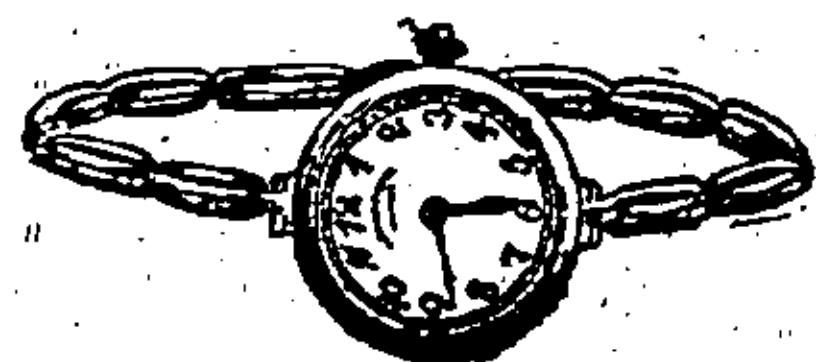
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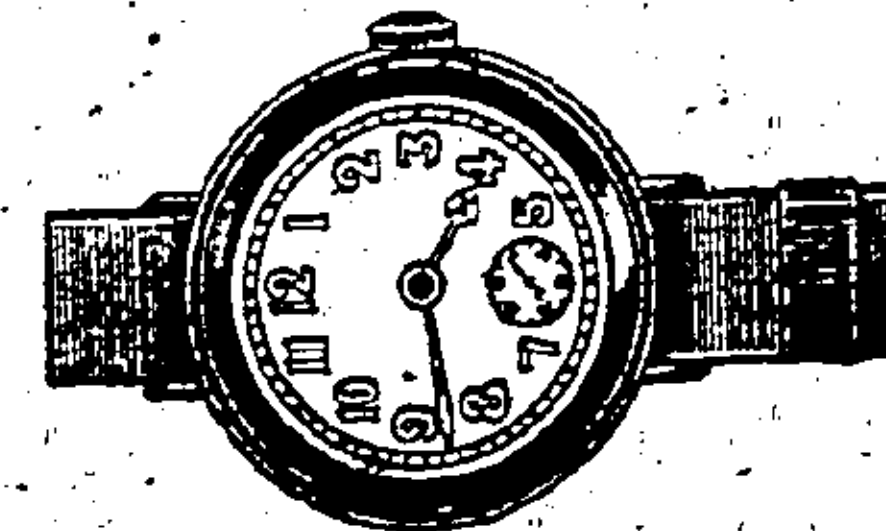
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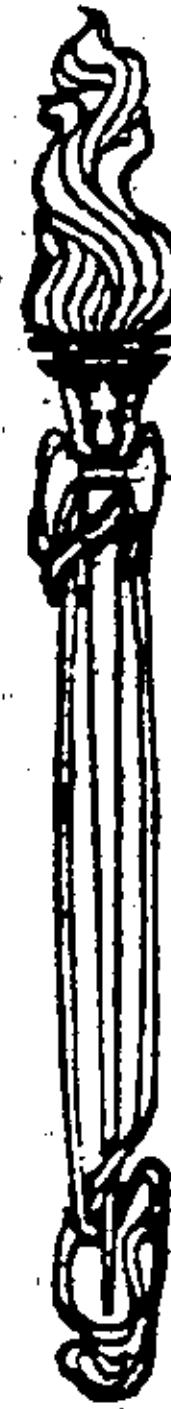
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TAKAO via SWATOW and AMOY.

For sailing dates and further particulars please apply to—

Y. YASUDA, Manager, No. 1, Queen's Building.

Telephone No. 74 and 745.

CHINA-AUSTRALIA MAIL S. S. LINE

For AUSTRALIAN PORTS via MANILA & SANDAKAN.

"HWAH PING".....Sailing Jan. 13th.

"VICTORIA".....Sailing Feb. 10th.

For Freight and Passage apply to—

THE CHINA & AUSTRALIA S. S. CO., LTD.

Agents, 112, Connaught Road Central.

SHIPPING

C. N. C.

CHINA NAVIGATION CO., LTD.

SAILING SUBJECT TO ALTERATION.

FOR SHANGHAI & TIENTSIN

SWATOW AND RANGKON

SHANGHAI AND TIENTSIN

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SHIPPING

C. P. O. S.

SAILINGS

HONGKONG & VANCOUVER

(via Shanghai, Nagasaki, Kobe & Yokohama)

From Hongkong

Empress of Russia

Empress of Asia

Empress of Japan

Empress of Russia

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## SHIPPING

# P. & O.-BRITISH INDIA APCAR AND EASTERN & AUSTRALIAN LINES

(COMPANIES INCORPORATED IN ENGLAND).  
**MAIL AND PASSENGER SERVICES**  
STRAITS, JAVA, BURMA, CEYLON, INDIA, PERSIAN GULF, WEST  
INDIA, MAURITIUS, EAST AND SOUTH AFRICA, AUSTRALASIA,  
INCLUDING NEW ZEALAND AND QUEENSLAND PORTS, AND  
SRI, SOYPT, EUROPE, &c.

## PENINSULAR &amp; ORIENTAL SAILINGS (South)

S. S.	Tons	From	Destination
"DUNERA"	5,400	14th Dec.	Singapore, Colombo & Bombay.
"DEVANHA"	5,100	15th Dec.	MASSILLAS LONDON & A'warp.
"SICILIA"	6,702	1st Jan.	Do.
"BREMEN"	11,500	10th Jan.	MASSILLAS & LONDON.
"DILWARA"	6,400	11th Jan.	Singapore, Colombo & Bombay.
"BANCA"	6,000	18th Jan.	MASSILLAS LONDON & A'warp.
"PLANSY"	7,346	22nd Jan.	Do.
"DELTA"	6,000	4th Feb.	Do.
"DUNERA"	5,400	7th Feb.	Singapore, Colombo & Bombay.

## BRITISH INDIA-APCAR SAILINGS (South)

"TANDA"	7,000	25th Dec.	Straits, Rangoon and Calcutta.
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## EASTERN &amp; AUSTRALIAN SAILINGS (South)

"ST. ALBANS"	4,500	22nd Dec.	Sandakan, Thursday Island, Townsville, Brisbane, Sydney, and Melbourne.
"EASTERN"	4,000	17th Jan.	Do.
"KASOWNA"	7,000	16th Feb.	Do.

## SAILINGS TO SHANGHAI &amp; JAPAN

"GREGORY APCAR"	4,600	17th Dec.	Shanghai and Japan.
"PLANSY"	7,400	23rd Dec.	Shanghai and Japan.
"BANCA"	6,000	25th Dec.	Shanghai and Japan.
"DILWARA"	5,400	29th Dec.	Shanghai only.
"EASTERN"	4,000	31st Dec.	Japan direct.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY FITTED ON ALL STEAMERS.  
Tickets interchangeable.  
1st Saloon Passengers may travel by R.I.S.N. Company's steamers between Singapore and Calcutta or Singapore and Madras in lieu of the section of their P. & O. Tickets Singapore to Colombo.  
All Cabins are fitted with Electric Fans free of charge.  
Passenger and Luggage are liable to be cancelled or altered without notice.  
Passes measuring not more than 24 in. x 2 ft. x 1 in. will be received at the Company's Office up to noon on the day previous to sailing.

## NOTICE TO CONSIGNEES

Consignees are reminded of the necessity to apply to the Company's Agents regarding arrival of consignments expected of which they have received documents or advice.

Any damaged packages must be left in the Godowns for examination by the Consignees and the Company's Surveyors, Messrs. Goddard and Douglas, at 10 a.m. on THURSDAYS. All claims must be presented within ten days of the steamer's arrival here, after which date they cannot be recognised. No claims will be admitted after the goods have left the Godowns.

For Further Information, Passage Fares, Freight, and books, etc., apply to  
**MACKINNON, MACKENZIE & CO.,**  
92, Des Voeux Road Central, HONGKONG.

## N. Y. K.

NIPPON YUSEN KAISHA.

SAILINGS FROM HONGKONG SUBJECT TO ALTERATION.

SEATTLE &amp; VICTORIA via Manila, Shanghai &amp; Japan ports.

Cargo to Overland Points U.S. in connection with Great Northern, Northern Pacific, and Chicago, Milwaukee &amp; St. Paul Railways.

FUSHIMI MARU (omit. Manila)	... Tuesday, 14th Dec., at 11 a.m.
KATORI MARU	... Tuesday, 22nd Dec., at 11 a.m.
TAJIMA MARU	... Thursday, 24th Jan., at 11 a.m.
KASHIMA MARU (omit. Manila)	... Wednesday, 26th Jan., at 11 a.m.

LONDON &amp; ANTWERP via Singapore, Malacca, Penang, Colombo, Suez, Port Said &amp; Marseilles.

IYO MARU	... Wednesday, 29th Dec., at 11 a.m.
ATSUTA MARU	... Friday, 7th Jan., at 11 a.m.

HAMBURG, LONDON &amp; ROTTERDAM via Suez.

LIMA MARU	... Saturday, 18th December.
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LIVERPOOL &amp; MARSEILLES via Suez.

KAMAKURA MARU...Sailing from Singapore...Middle of December.

SYDNEY &amp; MELBOURNE via Manila, Zamboanga, Thursday Island, Townsville &amp; Brisbane.

TANGO MARU	... Wednesday, 22nd Dec., at 11 a.m.
YEBOSHI MARU	... Saturday, 18th December.

NEW YORK via Manila, Java, Straits, via Suez.

NAGANO MARU	... Beginning of January.
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SOUTH AMERICAN PORTS via Cape.

MAKODATE MARU...Sailing from Singapore...Sunday, 12th December.

BOMBAY &amp; COLOMBO via Singapore.

BANGKOK MARU	... Beginning of January.
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CALCUTTA &amp; RANGOON via Singapore &amp; Penang.

YEBOSHI MARU	... Saturday, 18th December.
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JAPAN PORTS—Nagasaki, Kobe &amp; Yokohama.

NIKKO MARU	... Saturday, 18th Dec., at 11 a.m.
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SHANGHAI, KOBE &amp; YOKOHAMA.

SHIZUOKA MARU	... Saturday, 11th Dec., at 11 a.m.
YEBOSHI MARU (omit. Yokohama)	... Saturday, 18th Dec., at 11 a.m.
TOKUSHIMA MARU	... Saturday, 18th Dec., at 11 a.m.

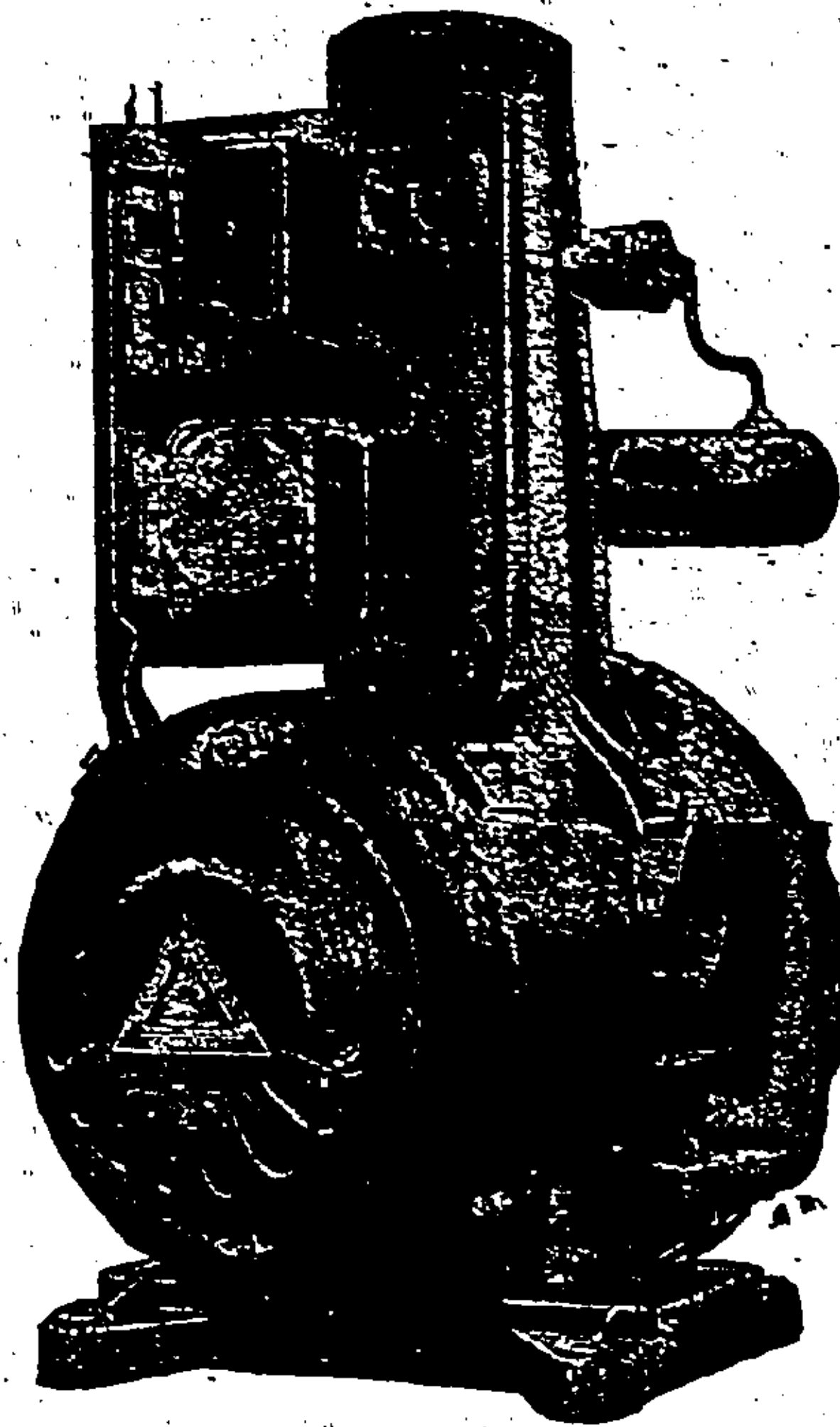
For further information apply to—  
**NIPPON YUSEN KAISHA**  
S. YASUDA, Manager.

Telephone Nos. 292 &amp; 293.

# DELCO-LIGHT

THE LATEST MARVEL IN THIS MARKET IS A  
3 K. W. 32 AND 110 VOLT MACHINE WITH AN OUTPUT OF  
180 16 C. P. LAMPS, AND WORKS ENTIRELY ON KEROSENE.

For the Popularity  
of the DELCO see the  
Number Sold for  
Lighting Bungalows  
in Fanning, the Peak  
Tramway Station,  
Cafes, Motor Ships,



CALL AND  
INSPECT OUR  
STOCK.

Yachts, and Private  
Residences in this  
Colony; Also Travel-  
ling, Moving Picture  
Shows, and Numerous  
Chinese Residences in  
the Country and in  
the Coast Port

FULL INFORM-  
ATION ON  
APPLICATION.

IT IS UNDOUBTEDLY THE BEST OF ITS KIND IN THE MARKET.

WE HAVE STOCKS OF MACHINES WITH OUTPUTS OF FROM  
47 LIGHTS UP TO 280.

Stocks carried or to order of the following:—

"Bolinder's" Crude Oil Engines.  
"Herbert Morris" High Class Chain Blocks,  
Cranes, Travelling Trolleys, etc.  
"Algor" Boiler Compound.

Motor Bearing Metals.  
Knitting Machines.  
Motor Garage Pumps.  
Tanning Machinery, etc.

SOLE AGENTS:—

## W. G. HUMPHREYS & CO.

MACHINERY DEPARTMENT, HONGKONG.

TEL. 228.

TEL. ADDRESS: ABEONA.

## P. &amp; O. S. N. CO.

STEAMERS FOR  
STRAITS, COLOMBO, AUS-  
TRALIA, BOMBAY, EGYPT,  
MEDITERRANEAN PORTS  
& LONDON.

Through Bills of Lading issued for  
Batavia, Persian Gulf, Continental,  
American and South African Ports.

THE Steamship "DUNERA"  
Captain Walker, carrying His  
Majesty's Mails, will be despatched from  
this Port on or about MONDAY,  
13th December, 1920, taking Passen-  
gers and Cargo for the above Ports.  
Silk and Valuable and Tea for Italy,  
France and London (under arrangement)  
will be transhipped at Bombay into the  
Mail Steamer proceeding direct to  
Marseilles and London.

Parcels will be received at this Office  
until 3 P.M. the day before sailing.  
The contents and value of all packages  
are required.

For further particulars apply to—  
**MACKINNON, MACKENZIE  
& CO.,**  
Agents.

Hongkong, November 30, 1920.

## SHIPS' STORES.

Hardware, Metals, Paints and Oils.

Full Lines of Shipchandlery Supplies.

KWONG SANG &amp; CO.

Established in 1868.

57, 58 &amp; 59 Cornhill Road Central.

Tel. Nos. Office 2254 &amp; 2255.

Godowns 784.

MARTIN'S

APOLIST

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## HOUSEHOLD COAL

On and after November 1st, 1920, until further notice we are  
prepared to accept orders for **HOUSEHOLD COAL**  
re-screened in Hongkong at the following prices:—

Delivered to Peak District (above Bowen Road)...\$22.00 per ton.

Bowen Road and Lower Levels and Kowloon...\$21.00 per ton.

TERMS:—CASH WITH ORDER.

(CHECKS PAYABLE TO "KAILAN MINING ADMINISTRATION")

KAILAN MINING ADMINISTRATION

HEAD OFFICE:—TIENTSIN.

AGENTS:—DODWELL &amp; CO., LTD.

HONGKONG.

## STEAMING COAL.

Contracts Solicited for Bunkering Ships  
at Hongkong, Shanghai, Keelung (Formosa)  
And All Leading Japan Ports.

## K. KIMURA & CO.

2, Cornhill Road Central.

Cable Add. "Propaganda" Tel. No. 2530.

## HOO CHEONG WO & CO.

Shipchandlers, Metals and Hardware Merchants.

Sail Makers and General Store Keepers.

51 &amp; 52, CORNHILL ROAD CENTRAL, HONGKONG.

Telephone No. 591.

Code A. B. C. 5th.

## THE KWONG HIP LUNG CO., LTD.

ENGINEERS and SHIPBUILDERS, BOILER-MAKERS, BRASS and IRON  
FOUNDERS. All work done in this establishment is guaranteed. We have  
over thirty years' experience. We own two slipways and can accommodate any craft  
of 300 feet long.

Work Office: 64, CORNHILL ROAD CENTRAL, HONGKONG. Telephone No. 469.

Shipyards: Shum-Sai-Pa, Kowloon, Hongkong. Telephone No. 2.

Refrigerators furnished on application.

Hongkong, April 1, 1912.

## SHIPPING

**PACIFIC MAIL S.S. CO.**  
U. S. MAIL LINE.  
Operating the New First Class Steamers  
"ECUADOR" & "VENEZUELA"  
"COLOMBIA"  
HONGKONG TO SAN FRANCISCO  
via SHANGHAI, KORE, YOKOHAMA & HONOLULU  
THE SUNSHINE BELT.  
The most comfortable route to America and Europe.  
Sailings from HONGKONG at NOON.  
"COLOMBIA" ... Wednesday, Dec. 23rd.  
"VENEZUELA" ... Wednesday, Jan. 26th.  
"ECUADOR" ... Wednesday.  
SHANGHAI-HONGKONG-  
CALCUTTA SERVICE.  
U. S. SHIPPING BOARD VESSEL FOR SAN FRANCISCO.  
"WESTERNER" ... Wednesday, Dec. 15th.  
PACIFIC MAIL S.S. CO.  
HONGKONG OFFICE: 111, Des Voeux Rd., Tel. 3068.

## STRUTHERS & DIXON, INC.

Operating Far Eastern services for account of the  
UNITED STATES SHIPPING BOARD.  
ALSO  
COSMOPOLITAN SHIPPING CO. GREEN STAR LINE.  
NEW YORK. NEW YORK.  
FOR SAN FRANCISCO  
"WEST CACTUS" ... 18th December.  
"WEST CACTUS" ... 18th December.  
FOR SEATTLE & VANCOUVER  
"DEUEL" ... 27th December.  
FOR NEW YORK & BALTIMORE  
"EUROPA" ... 15th January.  
FOR SHANGHAI, DAIREN, DALNY, KOBE & YOKOHAMA  
"EUROPA" ... 15th January.  
FOR MANILA  
"EUROPA" ... 15th January.  
Through Bills of Lading issued to all U. S. and Canadian  
Overland Common Points.  
HONGKONG OFFICE:—111 floor, Powell's Building, 12 Des Voeux Rd., Tel. 3068.

## WATERHOUSE LINE

TRANS PACIFIC FREIGHT SERVICE.  
Operating the following U. S. Shipping Board Steamers  
For  
SEATTLE-TACOMA-VICTORIA-VANCOUVER  
via Kobe and Yokohama.  
"DELIGHT" ... 20th December.  
Further sailings to be announced later.  
Through Bills issued to all Overland Common Points  
in U.S. and Canada.  
For rates and further particulars apply to  
**FRANK WATERHOUSE & COMPANY,**  
1st Floor, HOTEL MANSION, Tel. No. 3007.

## THE EAST ASIATIC CO., LTD., COPENHAGEN.

### M.S. "CHILE"

will be loading about the middle of January for Copenhagen  
taking Cargo on through Bills of Lading to Scandinavian and  
Baltic destinations at Conference rates. If sufficient inducement  
offers, vessel will call at any Scandinavian and/or Baltic and/or  
Continental ports including Hamburg, but excepting Havre.

For space and particulars apply to

**THORESEN & CO.,**  
Agents.

## NEW YORK DIRECT.

JOINT SERVICE OF THE  
"BLUE FUNNEL" LINE  
(OCEAN S.S. CO., LD. & CHINA MUTUAL S.N. CO., LD.)  
AND

## AMERICAN & MANCHURIAN LINE

(AMERICAN &amp; HUCKLEBERRY S.S. CO., LD.)

SAILINGS FROM HONGKONG.

"ROMBO"	via Suez	30th Dec.
"CITY OF AGRA"	via Panama	7th Jan.
"LAOMEDON"	via Suez	15th Jan.

\*Calls at Boston.

Steamers proceed via Suez Canal or Panama Canal at Owners' option.

Subject to change without notice.

For freight and particulars apply to

**BUTTERFIELD & SWIRE or THE BANK LINE, LD., HONGKONG.**

HONGKONG & CANTON. REITS & CO. CANTON.

**Koninklyke Paketvaart Maatschappij.**

(ROYAL PACKET NAVIGATION CO. OF BATAVIA).

THE Steamship

"VAN WAERWYCK"

To SINGAPORE, PENANG and BELAWAN DELI.

This Vessel offers excellent Cabin-accommodation for Saloon-passengers.

Wireless Telegraphy.

For Freight and Passage apply to:

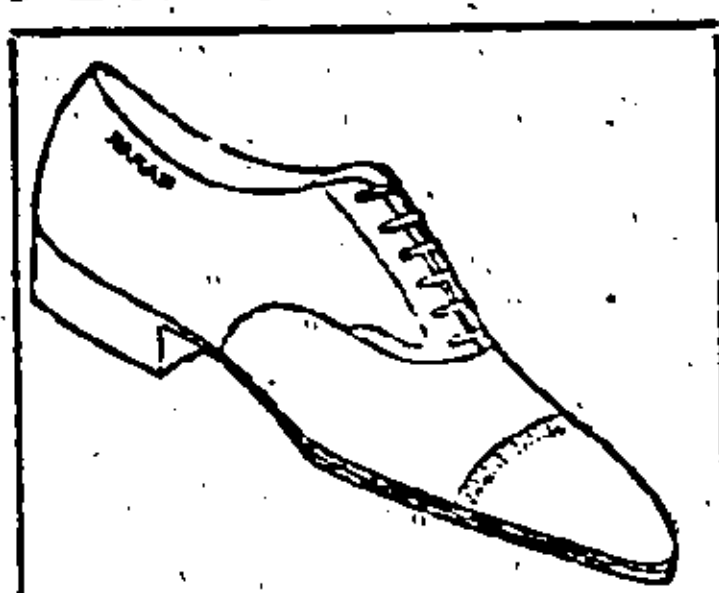
**JAVA-CHINA-JAPAN LINE.**

Telephone No. 1574. Agents.



## NOTICES.

## HANAN SHOES

IN  
NEWEST  
SHAPESIN  
ALL  
SIZES

Marked durability and permanence of appearance makes this a shoe which experienced purchasers like to wear.

NEW STOCKS IN TAN, BLACK and PATENT LEATHER.

## MACKINTOSH

& CO., LTD.  
Men's Wear Specialists.

16, Des Vaux Road.

Telephone 29.

## SHIP DESIGN.

## EFFECTS OF THE WAR.

## LESSONS OF JUTLAND.

Having in mind the fact that the Battle of Jutland was the only large scale naval engagement during the war, and that its ending was, from so many aspects, unsatisfactory, it is not surprising that the wobbling of the Admiralty in connection with the publication of the official account of the battle has led to a clamour emanating from the service, and backed by the public, for the true story. We are not here concerned with the political aspect of the question and any attempt to make party capital out of the policy of the Government is on all grounds to be deprecated, says the *Journal of Commerce*. Affairs of Admiralty must not be the shuttlecocks of the politicians. It is, however, quite impossible to ignore the fact that the incident connected with the battle, the ruthlessness of Lord Beatty, and the reserve of Lord Jellicoe, give proof that as is so often the case our naval policy was to some extent at least, the sport of naval schools of thought. The man who was then in supreme command of the British Navy has told a plain unvarnished tale; his battle tactics were based on the theory that if the German High Seas fleet was denied the use of the seas England had done all that was necessary, and the desire to achieve a positive rather than a negative victory was not worth the risk incurred. We know what the other school believed; they had faith that the British Navy was strong enough to force a fight, and was bound to take the risk associated with an engagement to the death with the German High Seas fleet once it had been lured into the battle zone. We shall not attempt to support one of these contending theories of naval strategy against the other, but we do assert that it is absolutely necessary to decide on which theory our policy is to be based. Obviously, if the British fleet of the future is to be designed with the object of containing an enemy within his own ports it will be of very different constitution to a fleet intended to fight the enemy to destruction. Naval designers must know where they are if the right type of ship is to be available in the time of battle. There is a vast difference between a close blockade of enemy ports and a deliberate challenge to the hostile fleet to come out. It will be claimed, perhaps, that the publication of the official account of the Battle of Jutland is of no importance from this aspect, and that in any case the whole of the facts are in possession of the Admiralty. The argument is a sound one if it is not pressed too far; what the public desire to know is whether our future battle fleet is to be built to sustain the Nelson tradition of seeking out and engaging the enemy on every possible occasion or whether our ships are to be designed to play for perpetual check instead of checkmate. There is more in this than even ship design; behind the decision taken by the Admiralty may lie an attempt to impose on the Navy a mental outlook quite foreign to our national character. The decision to withhold the story of Jutland suggests that the indecision which, perhaps robbed us in that engagement of the greatest naval victory in history still pervades the Admiralty. It is a disquieting thought.

SALVAGE  
EXTRAORDINARY.

## BIZARRE PLAN.

## BRIGHT AMERICAN IDEA.

There is a pleasant "money-for-nothing" suggestion to the amateur about the idea of wresting riches from the deep which will always make the subject of salvage a very fascinating one to the layman. The fact that it is one of the most difficult jobs connected with the sea does not enter into his calculations at all, and there is a constant flow of inventions of salvage appliances into the patent offices of every country, especially Britain and the United States. The ideas are good, bad and indifferent, but it must be admitted that most of them are very, very bad. But surely the prize for the most bizarre plan must go to the United States, where a citizen has just struck a really bright idea. He proposed to construct an enormous tank, without top or bottom, the sides of which are to be lined with pipes. The wreck being located, the tank is to be lowered right over her. Then a powerful freezing apparatus on the surface is to be connected with the pipe system, and by means of it the water inside the tank is to be converted into a solid block of ice in the middle of which the wreck is firmly secured. This is then drawn to the surface—tank, ice, wreck, the water sea contains all. There must be a lot of spare collars in America, for some of them have been spent patenting this device.

## THE WATER SUPPLY.

Level and Storage of water in reservoirs on the 1st December, 1920.

## CITY AND HILL DISTRICT WATER WORKS

LEVEL	1919.	1920.
Upper Reservoir 24 ft. 0 in. Below overflow.	24 ft. 0 in.	24 ft. 0 in.
Lower Reservoir 24 ft. 0 in. Below overflow.	24 ft. 0 in.	24 ft. 0 in.
Upper Reservoir 24 ft. 0 in. Below overflow.	24 ft. 0 in.	24 ft. 0 in.
Lower Reservoir 24 ft. 0 in. Below overflow.	24 ft. 0 in.	24 ft. 0 in.

## KOWLOON WATER WORKS LEVEL.

LEVEL	1919.	1920.
Upper Reservoir 24 ft. 0 in. Below overflow.	24 ft. 0 in.	24 ft. 0 in.
Lower Reservoir 24 ft. 0 in. Below overflow.	24 ft. 0 in.	24 ft. 0 in.
Upper Reservoir 24 ft. 0 in. Below overflow.	24 ft. 0 in.	24 ft. 0 in.
Lower Reservoir 24 ft. 0 in. Below overflow.	24 ft. 0 in.	24 ft. 0 in.

## Consumption of water in the City and Hill District in millions and decimals of millions during the month of November.

CONSUMPTION	1919.	1920.
Estimated population	1,714,500	1,714,500
Consumption per head	1.17	1.17
Consumption per head	1.17	1.17
Consumption per head	1.17	1.17

## Constant supply in all districts during November of both 1919 and 1920.

## KOWLOON WATER WORKS LEVEL.

LEVEL	1919.	1920.
Upper Reservoir 24 ft. 0 in. Below overflow.	24 ft. 0 in.	24 ft. 0 in.
Lower Reservoir 24 ft. 0 in. Below overflow.	24 ft. 0 in.	24 ft. 0 in.
Upper Reservoir 24 ft. 0 in. Below overflow.	24 ft. 0 in.	24 ft. 0 in.
Lower Reservoir 24 ft. 0 in. Below overflow.	24 ft. 0 in.	24 ft. 0 in.

## Consumption of water in Kowloon in millions and decimals of millions during the month of November.

CONSUMPTION	1919.	1920.
Estimated population	1,714,500	1,714,500
Consumption per head	1.17	1.17
Consumption per head	1.17	1.17
Consumption per head	1.17	1.17

## The Government Analyst's reports show that the water is of excellent quality.

## Public Works Department.

## W. CHATHAM, Water Authority.

## CHILDREN'S CORNER.

My dear Children,

In just another fortnight Christmas will be here! I expect that you are all getting excited about it and are beginning to think about presents and hanging up your stockings and turkeys and plum puddings and all things like that.

Now I know that quite a lot of children read the tales in this Corner every Saturday but of course I do not know exactly how many of you there are or all your names. However if any of you who read this will send your names and addresses, before December 22nd to "Peter Pan, c/o The China Mail Office," you will receive a tiny Peter Pan Christmas present. I am not going to tell you what it is or anything about it but anyone who sends me his (or her) name and address will have one.

Your loving  
PETER PAN.

## THE BLACK CURRANT PUDDING.

## A TRUE STORY.

Margaret was staying with her uncle and aunt at a farm right out in the country.

Her nurse was there too but sometimes when they went out in the fields together her nurse would take her sewing and sit under a shady tree and then Margaret would wander round exploring.

This was what she was doing one morning, roaming through the fields and picking the wild flowers that grew in the hedges when she made a discovery.

Close by a hedge, tucked away under a bramble, was a small basket tied up in a red handkerchief with white spots.

"Whatever can it be?" Margaret wondered and she undid the handkerchief and there was—what do you think? Why, a black currant pudding!

Now this happened to be her favourite pudding and finding it in a spot like this surprised her very much.

"The fairies must have put it there specially for me," she thought. "How very kind of them!"

There was a spoon inside the red handkerchief and Margaret thought she would just taste a bit. The first piece that she ate was so good that she had a little more and then some more again and as she was hungry from being out for some time in the fresh air it was not long before she had finished the pudding all up.

As she was putting the last spoonful into her mouth up came one of her uncle's men, an old farm labourer who had been there for some years and who had known Margaret from the time she was a baby.

"Bless my soul Missie," he exclaimed, when he saw what she was doing. "Do you know that is my dinner that you are just finishing?"

"Your dinner Clayton?" said Margaret horrified. "But I thought the fairies had put it under the hedge as a surprise for me 'cos it's my favourite pudding!"

Clayton (who was a nice good-natured old man) laughed so much that he couldn't speak for a few minutes and then he said, "It's a mistake this time little Missie. My Missus made that pudding for my dinner and hid it in the hedge so that I shouldn't have to tramp all the way back home."

"Oh I am sorry," cried Margaret. "I'll run and ask my aunt to give you some more."

"Never you mind lassie," said the old man. "I can get a bit of bread and cheese from my cottage. It isn't so far off. But I tell you what—if you're that fond of a black currant pudding I'll get my missus to make a great big one next week and I'll ask your auntie if she will let you have it."

"Oh thank you very much," said Margaret, and she thought he was the kindest old man she had ever seen.

And that was what happened. Margaret and her nurse, as a great treat, went to Mrs Clayton's cottage one day and had a most delicious black currant pudding. They ate off blue willow pattern plates and had forks with black handles and old Mrs Clayton, who had a face like a rosy apple and a blue check apron, beamed at them both as she served up the dinner.

Margaret declared that she had never had such a lovely dinner in her life, and I am quite sure that she would not have changed it for the most sumptuous banquet in a King's palace.

PETER PAN.

## THE BOY, THE BIRD AND THE PUSSY-CAT.

"Baby bird fluttering about on the grass"

Why don't you go back to your nest?

Pussy is hiding behind that big bush And your mother, who surely knows best

Is calling you home to your nest up above In the branches of that big tree And yet still you twitter and hop about.

It seems very stupid to me."

"Oh funny small boy it's all right to talk But you see I can't fly a bit. I'm scared as can be of that old pussy there."

But I can't get away from it."

"You poor little thing, I thought you could fly. I'll lift you as gently as can be. Now just cuddle down in your soft wee nest. And please don't be frightened of me."

PETER PAN.

## THE JEWEL THIEF.

## NEW ARTS.

## CLIQUE OF CRIME SPECIALISTS.

An actress in London recently lost jewels to the value of some thousands of pounds, and offered, vainly, a substantial reward for their recovery.

There is a small clique of what may be termed "super-thieves," who specialise in crimes of this description. They have assistants to carry out some of the minor operations, and in almost every case these are women.

As in war, so in specialised crime—knowledge is necessary. Thus there has come into being a highly organised bureau of criminal espionage, run solely for the purpose of providing the high-class thief with information.

Its chief is a man of remarkable ability, who for a time was connected with the German secret service, but was dismissed for an entanglement with a woman, and he therefore conceived the daring idea of originating an international "Wilhelmstrasse."

It has no fixed headquarters—for a very obvious reason; but its agents are to be found in all capitals, usually in the ultra-fashionable resorts of Bohemia.

Women are the mainstay of this bureau for collecting information, which in due course is purchased, at a heavy fee by the master-thief.

Lady—, who possesses an unusually fine collection of gems, which she will insist on carrying with her, leaves for the Riviera. The bureau notes the fact, and later a fashionably-garbed and perfect-mannered young woman will be found staying at the same hotel as Lady—.

Her mission is a simple one. She has to study the personal habits of the owner of the jewels, the ways of her maid, and any other servants, the exact position of her room, and if possible the disposition of the gems.

In due course the report reaches the bureau, and a copy is forwarded to the master-thief. Later he arrives at the hotel—immaculate, a flingist, and at home in the ways of a smart hotel. He finds his plan of operations upon the report supplied by the bureau, and very quickly Lady— is bemuzzed the loss of her trinkets.

No tiny scrap of news escapes the agents of this bureau. There are outside workers, of a lower grade, but qualifying for greater responsibilities. These haunt the neighbourhood of jewellers' shops and mark the customer who is spending money freely on pretty presents.

They look out for information about the insurance of jewels; they seek the company of loquacious charwomen who may chatter innocently enough about the contents of high-class flats. These are the easy prey of the bewitching young woman, who waylays the "help" and plies her with apparently innocent questions.

The crime espionage bureau has developed the crime of jewel thieving into a highly developed and specialised business.

## WHOOPIING COUGH.

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## THE MAD MULLAH.

## ALL HIS WIVES LOST.

## AIR ATTACK AWAITED UNDER CANOPY.

Picturesque details of the many attempts to capture "the Mad Mullah," leader of the rebel Dervishes, are given in a despatch published by the Colonial Office from Mr. G. F. Archer, the Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Somaliland Protectorate.

The despatch deals with the campaign in which the Mullah, Mohammed Abdullah, who had conducted destructive raids against our forces since 1901, was finally routed in January and February last, and it relates the important part played by aircraft in undermining the morale of the Dervishes.

When air-bases were being prepared before this year's operations began, the British authorities spread the report that borings were being made for oil. The aim was to remove their badges and the construction of aerodromes was readily associated in the native mind with oil development.

In one of the first air-raids—that on Medishe—the Mullah's uncle, Amir Hassan, was killed, and the Mullah, who was standing by him, narrowly escaped death, having his robes singed.

## "DIVINE" AEROPLANES.

Some of the Dervishes reported that the Mullah saw in the approaching aeroplanes "a Divine manifestation," while others said that he had been told by a Turk that the machines were "Turkish aeroplanes on their way to him from Stambul (Constantinople) to convey the Sultan's greetings!"

While giving both these versions, the despatch records as a fact, on the approach of the aeroplanes, the Mullah collected his people around him and awaited their coming under the white canopy used on state occasions.

The machines descended to 800ft. for bombing and to 300ft. for machine-gunning. After this the Mullah hid in a neighbouring cave at Hamas, and later moved to another cave 15 miles away where he concealed his arms and treasure. This done, he fled south to Tale, where there was an immensely strong fort.

## BOMB-PROOF FORT.

For 12 years the Mullah's men had been building this refuge, the work being done under the supervision of Arab masons from the Yemen. One of our aeroplanes obtained a direct shot on the fort with a 20lb. bomb "without, however, effecting great material damage."

It is not clear whether the Mullah was in the fort, but about this time a party of Dervishes, escorting his main caravan, was attacked at Tale, and the Mullah's correspondence, jewellery, and some of his clothing were captured.

A few days later the Dervish garrison made a sortie in strength and the Mullah escaped. For many days he was pursued by the Camel Corps and by others. The chase lasted throughout each day and was continued by moonlight. Over a great stretch of country the men of the Camel Corps, often on half-rations and even on no rations at all, pursued until there was nothing further to pursue—from the sea to the southern borders of the Protectorate.

## WHAT THE WATCHER SAW.

One group of fugitives whose tracks were followed turned out to be not the Mullah and his bodyguard but a party under the Abyssinian Fitzauri. Most of the party were killed, and the Mullah, who was close at hand all the time, saw their fate from a place of concealment on a neighbouring hill.

In the pursuit of 60 of the Mullah's personal following were killed, including 7 of his sons, 7 close relatives, and 4 of his advisers.

Six of his sons, his 5 wives, 4 daughters, and 2 sisters were captured.

Only his eldest son Mahdi and a brother finally escaped with him into Abyssinia. They had left the main party early, seeking safety in isolation. The Mullah himself consistently avoided water-holes and other places where his pursuers would expect to find him. His ponies were sent to water under escort, and he often moved to a new position before they returned, fearing that the escort, if captured, might reveal his hiding-place.

Seattle's trade with China last year reached the enormous sum of \$99,500,000. In 1918 a record figure was attained with \$108,507,232. Figures for other years are \$71,129,324 in 1917; \$30,571,918 in 1916; and \$17,200,769 in 1915; these figures including Hongkong.

## NOTICES.

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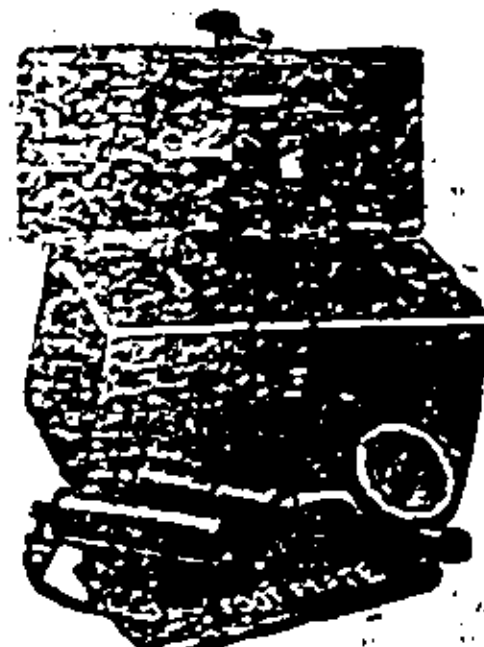
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## BE HAPPY.

(Continued from Page 18.)

## STAVE FOUR.

## THE LAST OF THE SPIRITS.

The phantom slowly, gravely, silently approached. When it came near him, Scrooge bent down upon his knee; for in the very air through which this spirit moved it seemed to scatter gloom and mystery.

It was shrouded in a deep-black garment, which concealed its head, its face, its form, and left nothing of it visible save one outstretched hand. But for this it would have been difficult to detach its figure from the night, and separate it from the darkness by which it was surrounded.

He felt that it was tall and stately when it came beside him, and that its mysterious presence filled him with a solemn dread. He knew no more, for the spirit neither spoke nor moved.

"I am in the presence of the Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come?" said Scrooge.

The spirit answered not, but pointed onward with its hand.

"You are about to show me shadows of the things that have not happened, but will happen in the time before us," Scrooge pursued. "Is that so, spirit?"

The upper portion of the garment was contracted for an instant in its folds, as if the spirit had inclined its head. That was the only answer he received.

Although well used to ghostly company by this time, Scrooge feared the silent shape so much that his legs trembled beneath him, and he found that he could hardly stand when he prepared to follow it. The spirit paused a moment, as observing his condition, and giving him time to recover.

But Scrooge was all the worse for this. It thrilled him with a vague uncertain horror, to know that behind the dusky shroud, there were ghastly eyes intently fixed upon him, while he, though he stretched his own to the utmost, could see nothing but a spectral hand and one great heap of black.

"Ghost of the future!" he exclaimed, "I fear you more than any spectre I have seen. But as I know your purpose is to do me good, and as I hope to live to be another man from what I was, I am prepared to bear your company, and do it with a thankful heart. Will you not speak to me?"

It gave him no reply. The hand was pointed straight before them.

"Lead on!" said Scrooge. "Lead on!" The night is waning fast, and

it is precious time to me, I know. Lead on, spirit!"

The phantom moved away as it had come towards him. Scrooge followed in the shadow of its dress, which bore him up, he thought, and carried him along.

They scarcely seemed to enter the city; for the city rather seemed to spring up about them, and encompass them of its own accord. But there they were, in the heart of it; on 'Change, amongst the merchants; who hurried up and down, and chinked the money in their pockets, and conversed in groups, and looked at their watches, and trifled thoughtfully with their great gold seals; and so forth, as Scrooge had seen them often.

The spirit stopped beside one little knot of business men. Observing that the hand was pointed to them, Scrooge advanced to listen to their talk.

"No," said a great fat man with a monstrous chin, "I don't know much about it, either way. I only know he's dead."

"When did he die?" inquired another.

"Last night, I believe."

"Why, what was the matter with him?" asked a third, taking a vast quantity of snuff out of a very large snuff-box. "I thought he'd never die."

"God knows," said the first, with a yawn.

"What has he done with his money?" asked a red-faced gentleman with a pendulous excrescence on the end of his nose, that shook like the gills of a turkey-cock.

"I haven't heard," said the man with the large chin, yawning again. "Left it to his company, perhaps. He hasn't left it me. That's all I know."

This glebastrous man received with a general laugh.

"It's likely to be a very cheap funeral," said the same speaker; "for upon my life I don't know of anybody to go to it. Suppose we make up a party and volunteer?"

"I don't mind going if a lunch is provided," observed the gentleman with the excrescence on his nose. "But I must be fed, if I make one."

Another laugh.

"Well, I am the most disinterested amongst you, after all," said the first speaker, "for I never wear black gloves, and I never eat lunch. But I'll offer to go, if anybody else will. When I come to think of it, I'm not at all sure that I wasn't his most particular friend; for we used to stop and speak whenever we met. Bye, bye!"

Speakers and listeners strolled away, and mixed with other groups. Scrooge knew the men, and looked towards the spirit for an explanation.

The phantom glided on into a street. Its finger pointed to two persons meeting. Scrooge listened

again, thinking that the explanation might lie here.

He knew these men, also, perfectly. They were men of business, very wealthy, and of great importance. He had made a point always of standing well in their esteem—in a business point of view, that is; strictly in a business point of view.

"How are you?" said one.

"How are you?" returned the other.

"Well!" said the first. "Old Scratch has got his own at last, hey?"

"So I am told," returned the second. "Cold, isn't it?"

"Seasonable for Christmas time. You're not a skater, I suppose?"

"No. No. Something else to think of. Good-morning!"

Not another word. That was their meeting, their conversation, and their parting.

Scrooge was at first inclined to be surprised that the spirit should attach importance to conversations apparently so trivial; but feeling assured that they must have some hidden purpose, he set himself to consider what it was likely to be. They could scarcely be supposed to have any bearing on the death of Jacob, his old partner, for that was past, and this ghost's province was the future. Nor could he think of any one immediately connected with himself to whom he could apply them. But nothing doubting that to whomsoever they applied they had some latent moral for his own improvement, he resolved to treasure up every word he heard, and everything he saw; and especially to observe the shadow of himself when it appeared. For he had an expectation that the conduct of his future self would give him the clue he missed, and would render the solution of these riddles easy.

He looked about in that very place for his own image; but another man stood in his accustomed corner, and though the clock pointed to his usual time of day for being there, he saw no likeness of himself among the multitudes that poured in through the porch. It gave him little surprise, however; for he had been revolving in his mind a change of life, and thought and hoped he saw his new-born resolutions carried out in this.

Quiet and dark, beside him stood the phantom, with its outstretched hand. When he roused himself from his thoughtful quest, he fancied from the turn of the hand, and its situation in reference to himself, that the unseen eyes were looking at him keenly. It made him shudder, and feel very cold.

They left the busy scene, and went into an obscure part of the town, where Scrooge had never penetrated before, although he recognised its situation, and its bad repute. The

ways were foul and narrow; the shops and houses wretched; the people half-naked, drunken, slipshod, ugly. Alleys and archways, like so many cesspools, disgorged their offences of smell, and dirt, and life, upon the stragglers of the streets; and the whole quarter reeked with crime, with filth, and misery.

Far in this den of infamous resort, there was a low-browed, beelling shop, below a pent-house roof, where iron, old rags, bottles, bones, and greasy offal, were bought. Upon the floor within, were piled up heaps of rusty keys, nails, chains, files, scales, weights, and refuse iron of all kinds. Secrets that few would like to scrutinise were bred and hidden in mountains of unseemly rags, masses of corrupted fat, and sepulchres of bones. Sitting in among the wares, he dealt in, by a charcoal stove, made of old bricks, was a gray-haired rascal, nearly seventy years of age, who had screened himself from the cold air without, by a frowsy curtaining of miscellaneous tatters, hung upon a line; and smoked his pipe in all the luxury of calm retirement.

Scrooge and the phantom came into the presence of this man, just as a woman with a heavy bundle slunk into the shop. But she had scarcely entered, when another woman, similarly laden, came in too; and she was closely followed by a man in faded black, who was no less startled by the sight of them, than they had been upon the recognition of each other. After a short period of blank astonishment, in which the old man with the pipe had joined them, they all three burst into a laugh.

"Let the charwoman alone to be the first!" cried she who had entered first. "Let the landlady alone to be the second; and let the undertaker's man alone to be the third. Look here, old Joe, here's a chance! If we haven't all three met here without meaning it!"

"You couldn't have met in a better place," said old Joe, removing his pipe from his mouth. "Come into the parlour. You were made free of it long ago, you know; and the other two ain't strangers. Stop till I shut the door of the shop. Ah! How it skreeks! There ain't such a rusty bit of metal in the place as its own hinges, I believe; and I'm sure there's no such old bones here, as mine. Ha, ha! We're all suitable to our calling; we're well matched! Come into the parlour. Come into the parlour."

The parlour was the space behind the screen of rags, the old man raked the fire together with an old stagrod, and having trimmed his smoky lamp (for it was night) with the stem of his pipe, put it in his mouth again.

While he did this, the woman who had already spoken threw her bundle on the floor and sat down in a haunting manner on a stool; crossing her elbows on her knees, and looking with a bold defiance at the other two.

"What odds then! What odds, Mrs. Dilber?" said the woman. "Every person has a right to take care of themselves. He always did!"

"That's true, indeed!" said the landlady. "No man more so."

"Why then, don't stand staring as if you was afraid, woman; who's the wiser? We're not going to pick holes in each other's coats, I suppose?"

"No, indeed!" said Mrs. Dilber and the man together. "We should hope not."

"Very well, then!" cried the woman. "That's enough. Who's the worse for the loss of a few things like these? Not a dead man, I suppose?"

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Dilber, laughing.

"If he wanted to keep 'em after he was dead, a wicked old screw," pursued the woman, "why wasn't he natural in his lifetime? If he had been, he'd have had somebody to look after him when he was struck with death, instead of lying gasping out his last breath, alone by himself."

"It's the truest word that ever was spoke," said Mrs. Dilber. "It's a judgment on him."

"I wish it was a little heavier judgment," replied the woman; "and it should have been, you may depend upon it, if I could have laid my hands on any thing else. Open that bundle, old Joe, and let me know the value of it. Speak out plain. I'm not afraid to be the first, nor afraid for them to see it. We know pretty well that we were helping ourselves, before we met here, I believe. It's no sin. Open the bundle, Joe."

But the gallantry of her friends would not allow of this; and the man in faded black, mounting the breach first, produced his plunder. It was not extensive. A seal or two, a pencil-case, a pair of sleeve-buttons, and a brooch of no great value, were all. They were severely examined and appraised by old Joe, who chalked the sums he was disposed to give for each, upon the wall, and added them up into a total when he found that there was nothing more to come.

"That's your account," said Joe, "and I wouldn't give another sixpence, if I was to be boiled for not doing it. Who's next?"

Mrs. Dilber was next. Sheets and towels, a little wearing apparel, two old-fashioned silver teaspoons, a pair of sugar-tongs, and a few boots. Her account was stated on the wall in the same manner.

"I always give too much to ladies. It's a weakness of mine, and that's the way I ruin myself," said old Joe.

"That's your account. If you asked me for another penny, and made it an open question, I'd repent of being so liberal, and knock off half-a-crown."

"And now undo my bundle, Joe," said the first woman.

Joe went down on his knees for the greater convenience of opening it, and having unfastened a great many knots, dragged out a large and heavy roll of some dark stuff.

"What do you call this?" said Joe. "Bed-curtains!"

"Ah!" returned the woman, laughing and leaning forward on her crossed arms. "Bed-curtains!"

"You don't mean to say you took 'em down, rings and all, with him lying there?" said Joe.

"Yes, I do," replied the woman. "Why not?"

"You were born to make your fortune," said Joe, "and you'll certainly do it."

"I certainly shan't hold my hand, when I can get anything in it by reaching it out, for the sake of such a man as he was, I promise you, Joe," returned the woman cooily. "Don't drop that oil upon the blankets, now."

"His blankets?" asked Joe.

"Whose else's do you think?" replied the woman. "He isn't likely to take cold without 'em, I dare say."

"I hope he didn't die of anything catching? Eh?" said old Joe, stopping in his work, and looking up.

"Don't you be afraid of that," returned the woman. "I ain't so fond of his company that I'd loiter about him for such things, if he did. Ah! You may look through that shirt till your eyes ache; but you won't find a hole in it, nor a threadbare place. It's the best he had, and a fine one too. They'd have wasted it, if it hadn't been for me."

"What do you call wasting of it?" asked old Joe.

"Putting it on him to be buried in, to be sure," replied the woman with a laugh. "Somebody was fool enough to do it, but I took it off again. If calico ain't good enough for such a purpose, it isn't good enough for anything. It's quite as becoming to the body. 'He can't look uglier than he did in that one.'"

Scrooge listened to this dialogue in horror. As they sat grouped about their spoil, in the scanty light afforded by the old man's lamp, he viewed them with a detestation and disgust, which could hardly have been greater, though they had been obscene demons, marketing the corpse itself.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the same woman, when old Joe, producing a flannel bag with money in it, told out their several gains upon the ground. "This is the end of it, you see. He frightened every one away

from him when he was alive, to profit us when he was dead! Ha, ha, ha!" "Spirit!" said Scrooge, shuddering from head to foot. "I see, I see. The case of this unhappy man might be my own. My life tends that way, now. Merciful Heaven, what is this?"

He recoiled in terror, for the scene had changed, and now he almost touched a bed—a bare, uncared-for bed—on which, beneath a ragged sheet, there lay a something covered up, which, though it was a dumb, announced itself in awful language.

The room was very dark, too dark to be observed with any accuracy, though Scrooge glanced round it in obedience to a secret impulse, anxious to know what kind of room it was.

A pale light, rising in the outer air, fell straight upon the bed; and on it, plundered and bereft, unwatched, unwept, uncared for, was the body of this man.

Scrooge glanced towards the phantom. Its steady hand was pointed to the head. The cover was so carefully adjusted that the slightest raising of it, the motion of a finger upon Scrooge's part, would have disclosed the face. He thought of it, felt how easy it would be to do, and longed to do it; but had no more power to withdraw the veil than to dismiss the spectre at his side.

Oh, cold, cold, rigid, dreadful Death set up thine altar here, and dress it with such terrors as thou hast at thy command; for this is thy dominion! But of the loved, revered, and honoured dead, thou canst not turn one hair to thy dread purposes, or make one feature odious. It is not that the hand is heavy, and will fall down, when released; it is not that the heart and pulse are still; but that the heart was open, generous, and true; the hand brave, warm, and tender; and the pulse a man's. Strike. Strike. Strike! And see his good deeds springing from the wound, to sow the world with life immortal!

No voice pronounced these words in Scrooge's ears, and yet he heard them when he looked upon the bed. He thought, if this man could be raised up now, what would be his foremost thoughts? Avarice, hard-dealing, gripping care? They have brought him to a rich end, truly!

He lay, in the dark, empty house, with not a man, a woman, or a child, to say "he was kind to me in this or that, and for the memory of one kind word I will be kind to him." A cat was tearing at the door, and there was a sound of gnawing rats beneath the hearthstone. What they wanted in the room of death, and why they were so restless and disturbed, Scrooge did not dare to think.

(Continued on Page 28.)

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## BE HAPPY.

(Continued from Page 27.)

"Spirit!" he said, "this is a fearful place. In leaving it, I shall not leave its lesson, trust me. Let us go!"

Still the ghost pointed with an unmoved finger to the head. "I understand you," Scrooge returned, "and I would do it, if I could. But I have not the power, spirit. I have not the power."

Again it seemed to look at him.

"If there is any person in the town who feels emotion caused by this man's death," said Scrooge, quite agitated, "show that person to me, spirit, I beseech you!"

The phantom spread its dark robe before him for a moment, like a wing and withdrawing it, revealed a room by daylight, where a mother and her children were.

She was expecting some one, and with anxious eagerness; for she walked up and down the room; started at every sound; looked out from the window; glanced at the clock; tried, but in vain, to work with her needle; and could hardly bear the voices of the children in their play.

At length the long-expected knock was heard. She hurried to the door and met her husband; a man whose face was careworn and depressed, though he was young. There was a remarkable expression in it now; a kind of serious delight of which he felt ashamed, and which he struggled to repress.

He sat down to the dinner that had been 'hearding' for him by the fire; and when she asked him faintly what news (which was not until after a long silence), he appeared embarrassed how to answer.

"Is it good," she said, "or bad?"

"To help him."

"Bad," he answered.

"We are quite ruined?"

"No. There is hope yet, Caroline."

"If he relents," she said, amazed, "there is. Nothing is past hope, if such a miracle has happened."

"He is past relenting," said her husband. "He is dead."

She was a mild and patient creature. If her face spoke truth; but she was thankful in her soul to hear it, and she said so, with clasped hands. She prayed forgiveness the next moment, and was sorry; but the first was the emotion of her heart.

"What the half-drunken woman whom I told you of last night, said to me, when I tried to see him obtain a week's delay, and what I thought a mere excuse to avoid me, turns out to have been quite true. He was not only very ill, but dying, then."

"To whom will our debt be transferred?"

"I don't know. But before that time we shall be ready with the money; and even though we were not, it would be bad fortune indeed to find so merciful a creditor in his successor. We may sleep to-night with light hearts, Caroline."

Yes. Soften it as they would, their hearts were lighter. The children's faces, hushed and clustered round to hear what they so little understood, were brighter; and it was a happier house for this man's death! The only emotion that the ghost could show him, caused by the event, was one of pleasure.

"Let me see some tenderness connected with a death," said Scrooge; "or that dark chamber, spirit, which we left just now, will be for ever present to me."

The ghost conducted him through several streets familiar to his feet; and as they went along, Scrooge looked here and there to himself, but nowhere was he to be seen. They entered poor Bob Cratchit's house—the dwelling he had visited before—and found the mother and the children seated round the fire.

Quiet. Very quiet. The noisy little Cratchits were as still as statues in one corner, and sat looking up at Peter, who had a book before him. The mother and her daughters engaged in sewing. But surely they were very quiet!

"And he took a child, and set him in the midst of them?"

Where had Scrooge heard those words? He had not dreamed them. The boy must have read them out, as he and the spirit crossed the threshold. Why did he not go on?

The mother laid her work upon the table, and put her hand up to her face.

"The colour hurts my eyes," she said.

The colour? Ah, poor Tiny Tim!

"They're better now again," said Cratchit's wife. "It makes them weak by candle-light; and I wouldn't show weak eyes to your father when he comes home, for the world. It must be near his time."

"Past it rather," Peter answered, shutting up his book. "But I think he has walked a little slower than he used, these few last evenings, mother."

They were very quiet again. At last she said, and in a steady, cheerful voice, that only faltered once—"I have known him walk with Tiny Tim upon his shoulder, very fast indeed."

"And so have I," cried Peter.

"Often."

"And so have I," exclaimed another.

"So had all."

"But he was very light to carry," she resumed, intent upon her work,

"and his father loved him so, that it was no trouble; no trouble. And there is your father at the door!"

She hurried out to meet him; and little Bob in his comfort—had need of it, poor fellow—came in. His tea was ready for him on the hob, and they all tried who should help him to it most. Then the two young Cratchits got upon his knees and laid, each child a little cheek, against his face, as if they said, "Don't mind it, father. Don't be grieved!"

Bob was very cheerful with them, and spoke pleasantly to all the family. He looked at the work upon the table, and praised the industry and speed of Mrs. Cratchit and the girls. They would be done long before Sunday, he said.

"Sunday! You went to-day, then, Robert?" said his wife.

"Yes, dear," returned Bob. "I wish you could have gone. It would have done you good to see how green a place it is. But you'll see it often. I promised him that I would walk there on Sunday. My little, little child!" cried Bob. "My little child!"

He broke down all at once. He couldn't help it. If he could have helped it, he and his child would have been further apart, perhaps, than they were.

He left the room, and went upstairs into the room above, which was lighted cheerfully, and hung with Christmas. There was a chair set close beside the child, and there were signs of some one having been there lately. Poor Bob sat down in it, and when he had thought a little and composed himself, he kissed the little face. He was reconciled to what had happened, and went down again quite happy.

They drew about the fire, and talked; the girls and mother working still. Bob told them of the extraordinary kindness of Mr. Scrooge's nephew, whom he had scarcely seen but once, and who, meeting him in the street that day, and seeing that he looked a little—just a little down, you know," said Bob, inquired what had happened to distress him.

"On which," said Bob, "for he is the pleasantest-spoken gentleman you ever heard of, I told him, 'I am heartily sorry for it, Mr. Cratchit,' he said, 'and heartily sorry for your good wife.' By the bye, how he ever knew that, I don't know."

"Knew what, my dear?"

"Why, that you were a good wife," replied Bob.

"Everybody knows that!" said Peter.

"Very well observed, my boy!" cried Bob. "I hope they do."

"Heartily sorry," he said, "for your good wife. If I can be of service to you in any way," he said, giving me his card, 'that's where I live. Pray

come to me.' Now, it wasn't," cried Bob, "for the sake of anything he was able to do for us, so much as for his kind way, that this was quite delightful. It really seemed as if he had known our Tiny Tim, and felt with us."

"I'm sure he's a good soul!" said Mrs. Cratchit.

"You would be surer of it, my dear," returned Bob, "if you saw and spoke to him. I shouldn't be at all surprised—mark what I say—if he got Peter a better situation."

"Only hear that, Peter," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"And then," cried one of the girls, "Peter will be keeping company with some one, and setting up for himself."

"Get along with you!" retorted Peter, grinning.

"It's just as likely as not," said Bob. "One of these days, though there's plenty of time for that, my dear. But however, and whenever we part from one another, I am sure we shall come to us for poor Tiny Tim—shall we—or this first parting that there was among us?"

"Never, father!" cried they all.

"And I know," said Bob, "I know, my dears, that when we recollect how patient and how mild he was, although he was a little, little child, we shall not quarrel easily among ourselves, and forget poor Tiny Tim in doing it."

"No, never, father!" they all cried again.

"I am very happy," said little Bob.

"I am very happy!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissed him, his daughter's kissed him, the two young Cratchits kissed him, and Peter and himself shook hands. Spirit of Tiny Tim, thy childish essence was from God!

"Spectre," said Scrooge, "something informs me that our parting moment is at hand. I know it, but I know not how. Tell me what man that was whom we saw lying dead?"

The Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come conveyed him, as before—though at a different time, he thought: indeed, there seemed no order in these latter visions, save that they were in the future—into the resorts of business men, but showed him not himself. Indeed, the spirit did not stay for anything, but went straight on, as to the end just now desired, until besought by Scrooge to tarry for a moment.

"This court," said Scrooge, "through which we hurry now, is where my place of occupation is, and has been for a length of time. I see the house. Let me behold what I shall be, in days to come!"

The spirit stopped; the hand was pointed elsewhere.

"The house is yonder," Scrooge exclaimed. "Why do you point away?"

The inexorable finger underwent no change.

Scrooge hastened to the window of his office, and looked in. It was an office still, but not his. The furniture was not the same, and the figure in the chair was not himself. The phantom pointed as before.

He joined it once again, and wondering why and whither he had gone, accompanied it until they reached an iron gate. He paused to look round before entering.

A churchyard. Here, then, the wretched man whose name he had now to learn lay underneath the ground. It was a worthy place. Walled in by houses; overrun by grass and weeds, the growth of vegetation's death, not life; choked up with too much burying; fat with repleted appetite. A worthy place!

The spirit stood among the graves, and pointed down to one. He advanced towards it, trembling. The phantom was exactly as it had been, but he dreaded that he saw new meaning in its solemn shape.

"Before I draw nearer to that stone to which you point," said Scrooge, "answer me one question. Are these the shadows of the things that will be, or are they the shadows of things that may be, only?"

Still the ghost pointed downward to the grave by which it stood.

"Men's courses will foreshadow certain ends, to which, if persevered in, they must lead," said Scrooge. "But if the courses be departed from, the ends will change. Say it is thus with what you show me!"

The spirit was immovable as ever. Scrooge crept towards it, trembling as he went; and following the finger, read upon the stone of the neglected grave his own name, Ebenezer Scrooge.

"Am I that man who lay upon the bed?" he cried, upon his knees.

The finger pointed from the grave to him, and back again.

"The spirit! Oh no, no!"

"The finger! Oh no, no!"

"Spirit! he cried, tight clutching at its robe, 'hear me! I am not the man I was. I will not be the man I must have been but for this interference. Why show me this, if I am past all hope?'

For the first time the hand appeared to shake.

"Good spirit," he pursued, as down upon the ground he fell before it, "your nature intercedes for me, and pities me. Assure me that I yet may change these shadows you have shown me, by an altered life!"

The kind hand trembled.

"I will honour Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the past, the present, and the future. The spirits of all three shall strive within me. I will not shut out the lessons that they teach.

Oh, tell me I may sponge away the writing on this stone!"

In his agony, he caught the spectral hand. It sought to free itself, but he was strong in his entreaty, and detained it. The spirit, stronger yet, repulsed him.

Holding up his hands in a last prayer to have his fate reversed, he saw an alteration in the phantom's hood and dress. It shrank, collapsed, and dwindled down into a bedpost.

## STAVE FIVE.

## THE END OF IT.

Yes! and the bedpost was his own. The bed was his own, the room was his own. Best and happiest of all, the time before him was his own, to make amends in!

"I will live in the past, the present, and the future!"

Scrooge repeated, as he scrambled out of bed. "The spirits of all three shall strive within me. O, Jacob Marley! Heaven, and the Christmas time be praised for this! I say it on my knees, old Jacob; on my knees!"

He was so fluttered and so glowing with his good intentions, that his broken voice would scarcely answer to his call. He had been sobbing violently in his conflict with the spirit, and his face was wet with tears.

"They are not torn down," cried Scrooge, folding one of his bed-curtains in his arms, "they are not torn down, rings and all. They are here—I am here—the shadows of the thing that would have been, may be dispelled. They will be. I know they will!"

His hands were busy with his garments all this time; turning them inside out, putting them on upside down, tearing them, mislaying them, making them parties to every kind of extravagance.

"I don't know what to do!" cried Scrooge, laughing and crying in the same breath, and making a perfect Laocoon of himself with his stockings. "I am as light as a feather, I am as happy as an angel, I am as merry as a schoolboy. I am as giddy as a drunken man. A Merry Christmas to everybody! A Merry New Year to all the world. Hello, here! Whoop! Hello!"

He had frisked into the sitting-room, and was now standing there, perfectly winded.

"There's the saucepan that the gruel was in!" cried Scrooge, starting off again, and going round the fireplace. "There's the door, by which the Ghost of Jacob Marley entered! There's the corner where the ghost of Christmas Present sat! There's the window where I saw the wandering spirits! It's all right, it's all true; it all happened. Ha, ha, ha!"

Really, for a man who had been out of practice for so many years, it was a splendid laugh, a most illustrious laugh. The father of a long, long line of brilliant laughs!

"I don't know how long I've been among the spirits," he don't know anything, I'm quite a baby. Never mind. I don't care. I'd rather be a baby. Hello! Whoop! Hello, here!"

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clang, hammer; ding, dong, ding; hammer, clang, clash! Oh, glorious, glorious!

Running to the window, he opened it, and put out his head. No fog, no mist; clear, bright, jovial, stirring, cold; cold, piping for the blood to dance to; golden sunlight; heavenly sky; sweet fresh air; merry bells. Oh, glorious, glorious!

"What's to-day?" cried Scrooge, calling downward to a boy in Sunday clothes who perhaps had loitered in to look about him.

"Eh?" returned the boy, with all his might of wonder.

"What's to-day, my fine fellow?" said Scrooge.

"To-day?" replied the boy. "Why, Christmas Day."

"It's Christmas Day!" said Scrooge to himself. "I haven't missed it. The spirits have done it all in one night. They can do anything they like. Of course they can. Of course they can. Hello, my fine fellow!"

"Hollo!" returned the boy.

"A remarkable boy!" said Scrooge. "A remarkable boy! Do you know whether they've sold the prize turkey that was hanging up there?—Not the little prize turkey; the big one?"

"I should hope I did," replied the lad.

"An intelligent boy!" said Scrooge. "What a delightful boy!" said Scrooge. "It's a pleasure to talk to him. Yes, my buck!"

"It's hanging there now," replied the boy.

"Is it?" said Scrooge. "Go and buy it."

"Walk-er!" exclaimed the boy.

"No no," said Scrooge. "I am in earnest. Go and buy it, and tell 'em to bring it here, that I may give them the direction where to take it. Come back with the man, and I'll give you half a crown!"

The boy was off like a shot. He must have had a steady hand at a trigger who could have got a shot off half so fast.

(Continued on Page 30.)

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